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The Week

THE report of the Federal Trade Commission on the steel code, made in response to a Senate resolution introduced by Senator Borah, shows clearly how, under the cover of the N.R.A., the steel industry has perfected its former monopoly and set to work to exploit the consumers. No important device that it formerly employed in defiance of the intent of the anti-trust laws is left now without governmental sanction. The "basing point" is retained; prices are virtually fixed by the manufacturers. Competition, not for many years effective in the steel industry as a regulator of prices, is now virtually abolished. At the same time, however, neither the N.R.A. nor any other agency supposed to represent the general public has any supervision of these monopolistic practices or any way to check them. Costs are not ascertained or published. Financial reports are not rendered. There is no public review of the reasonableness of the prices set. Thus the very industry that in the past has most flagrantly restricted output by maintaining high prices, that has been a major factor in causing the disparity between industrial prices and raw material prices, has been allowed, under the New Deal, to strengthen its monopoly and increase price disparities. This same industry has consistently evaded its responsibilities under the labor sections of the Recovery Act by its opposition to independent unions. It stands completely unregenerate. When the steel code was first adopted, The New Republic protested against it. The report of the Federal Trade Commission justifies our position. It poses squarely before the nation the question whether we are prepared to allow monopoly without public control.

PRICE fixing was not permitted in the retail codes approved by the N.R.A., but the retailers in many states are now becoming quite hopeful. For it appears that the state legislatures are rather obliging in this matter. Some ten states have enacted so-called "model" N.R.A. laws, and sixteen more are reported to be considering them. In some instances the models represent "improvements" on the original. In Utah, a state retail code was enacted only a few weeks ago, containing price-fixing provisions. The beneficent effects of the code, according to the Utah Retailers' Association, are already apparent. Food prices have risen 2.6 percent; fuel and light, 5 percent; house furnishings, 8 percent; and so on. Similarly, in New Jersey the food industry has obtained a special state code with provisions for fixing minimum wholesale prices and minimum mark-ups. Under this code it is the pleasant duty of a "marketing cost committee" (representing the food dealers) to set the current reasonable price of food items at wholesale. To this wholesale price (as determined by the committee, not by competition) must be added a minimum mark-up of 10 percent. This gives the minimum price below which no retailer is permitted to sell. It is not surprising that investigation has already revealed that the "minimum" wholesale prices set by the committee are, in a number of instances, considerably higher than the actual prices at which the goods are available in the open market. A few more model laws of this type —and there may be many—and even General Johnson's N.R.A. will come to look like the very palladium of consumer protection.

THE silly season, which usually arrives in August, is several months early this year. Mr. William Wirt, superintendent of schools in Gary, Indiana,

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is its harbinger. Mr. Wirt says that a group of members of the "Brain Trust" told him they are really radicals seeking the overthrow of our government; that they are using Mr. Roosevelt as their Kerensky, and are warming up a Stalin (or a Hitler) on the sidelines. Mr. Wirt has provided us with a good belly-laugh, badly needed in these troublous times; but since he seems to have made a certain amount of excitement in Congress, it might be well to get our breath, wipe our eyes and consider a few salient facts:

1. There isn't any Brain Trust, and never has been. The college professors in Washington are in various departments, with little or no official relation to one another. Instead of being united on certain policies, they represent various viewpoints ranging from mild conservatism to reformist progressivism. They disagree with each other as often and as strongly as do people of similar differences of opinion outside Washington.

2. In so far as their policies do represent any common end, it is to preserve private capitalism, and not to destroy it—to preserve it by avoiding the wild excesses of the past.

3. Mr. Wirt has destroyed his own credibility as a witness, by his comments on the labor and agricultural policies of the Roosevelt administration, which he regards as destructive of American principles. In other words, the President himself is among his "revolutionaries," if Mr. Wirt only had the courage to come out and say so.

4. Mr. Wirt says he is an organizer for "The Committee of the Nation," heretofore known chiefly as a supporter of inflation. There have been rumors recently that this committee was drifting rapidly toward being another American fascist group, along with the various Shirts. If Mr. Wirt's is a sample of its thinking, there seems to be support for these rumors.

THE American Civil Liberties Union, in an effort to preserve freedom of assemblage without interruption by the authorities and in a desire to prevent future disturbances which will invite such interruption, appointed a special committee to inquire into the riot between Socialists and Communists at the Madison Square Garden meeting to protest the actions of the Dollfuss government in Austria. The report rendered by the committee, and signed by a majority of the directors of the Union, states that the riot arose from the tactics of the Communist party leadership, since the party "assumed the right as an organized group to attend a public meeting to which they were not invited as a group, and to determine whom it should hear and not hear." The Socialists in turn intensified the conflict by their handling of the meeting. "The physical attack on Clarence Hathaway, who went to the platform alone among a hundred opponents, was disgraceful and wholly unnecessary. He could have been escorted from the platform without violence, whatever his motives." There is a dissent from this double assignment of responsibility by a minority representing the Communist point of view, signed by Mary Van Kleeck and Robert W. Dunn, and another dissent representing the Socialist point of view, signed by Norman Thomas. Neither side is apparently willing to act in such a way as to avoid future clashes of the same sort. Each places sole blame on the other for the failure of a united front. The inevitable assumption is that a united front is impossible and that both parties will be weakened in the face of their common enemies.

THE Senate has given new impetus to the various congressional inquiries into the relation between armament firms and our military and naval establishments. Senators Gerald P. Nye and Arthur Vandenburg have combined into one measure their resolutions calling for a broad investigation into the manufacture of and traffic in munitions. It is now listed as Senate Resolution 206 and has already been favorably reported by the Senate Military Affairs Committee, merely awaiting formal approval from the Senate, which seems assured. The resolution calls for an investigation not only to expose the activities of individuals and corporations in the United States engaged in all phases of the arms business, but also to discover the methods used in promoting these activities. Furthermore, it will report upon the adequacy of existing legislation for the control of the traffic in arms and will inquire into the desirability of creating a government monopoly in armament manufacturing. With the House Military Affairs Committee slowing down its investigation of army contracts and War Department purchases, and with the House Naval Affairs Committee struggling with a whitewash report on navy aircraft matters, the Senate measure assumes great importance. It may throw light upon the part the United States is playing in the grand world spree of naval and aviation construction.

THE political spectacle in France is still dominated by the consequences of the Stavisky scandal which continues to go from sensation to sensation. The avalanche of incriminating facts is so irresistible that certainly the parties responsible for the disclosures are now regretting their action; but it is too late to stop, in spite of the slow and cautious—too slow and too cautious—proceedings of the Commission of Inquiry. All the bourgeois parties are now implicated. The President of the Republic himself, Lebrun, is said to have accepted from Stavisky a check for twenty-five thousand francs for his "good works." Every accused official or deputy issues passionate denials, insinuates that his name was put on the famous check stubs by some diabolical machination of his enemies, and of course never forgets to add that only his political adversaries' names were actually on these stubs.

AMID this chaos of statements, counter-statements and sensations, one is almost tempted to forget that the Stavisky scandal is but a screen behind which more serious things are being prepared looking toward a new clash of the political forces. As we

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noted sometime ago, the fascists are taking advantage of the present Coalition government to organize themselves. Their membership has trebled during the last few weeks. But the revolutionary forces are strengthening too. A great number of Radical Socialists, disgusted by the participation of their leaders in the Coalition Cabinet, have joined the Socialist party; also the Communists' forces have increased considerably. The activity of the "Front Commun" (an anti-fascist fighting organization) expresses the growing determination of the French working classes to oppose the reactionary dictatorship contemplated by the bourgeoisie.

THE new Austrian Constitution, the terms of which were made public last Monday, represents the revival of pure reaction in Austrian politics. And because this is so it is self-condemned to an early death. The present generation in Europe may accept reaction when, as in Germany, it is disguised under a cloak of pseudo-socialism or, as in Italy, may permit the machinery of the state to crush it to the ground so long as that state can uphold the fiction of a "new deal." But in this day and age not even Austria can hope to do business with a charter whose laws, in the words of the Constitution, "emanate from God Almighty" and represent a return to the political conceptions of the early decades of the last century. True to the Jesuit spirit that pervades it, no definition is given of the form that the new government is to take. The document contains several references to the "ruler" of the nation and to the "head of the state," but whether he is to be a President or a monarch the document does not reveal.

THE new Constitution wipes out freedom of speech and of the press, grants extended privileges to the Catholic Church and provides for autocratic domination by the "head of the state" and for legislation by decree. Five chambers, all of them appointed by the "ruler," will function in an advisory capacity. They will be made up of representatives of the Church, industrialists, bankers, members of the learned professions and government officials, and will meet behind closed doors. Under its provisions no representation is given to the working and lower-middle classes. The chief of the state may change the terms of the Constitution at will. This new fundamental law so outrageously violates everything the Austrian masses have held sacred in the past two generations that neither Mussolini nor the Pope can hope to equip either Dollfuss or von Starhemberg with its unlimited powers. Unquestionably it paves the way for the return of a Hapsburg monarch who will rule the Austrian people "by the grace of God."

A FIRST-HAND report of conditions in Cuba has just been made by a trained American investigator, Dr. Cyrus Wicker of Miami University. Dr. Wicker reports that many thousands of Cubans are on the brink of starvation and that conditions among them are like those in the worst days at the end of the Spanish occupation. At least 400,000 persons are in desperate poverty. Cases are not uncommon in which school children faint from hunger over their books. Women carrying babies may be seen in the towns, begging on the streets for money to buy milk to keep the children alive. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago the United States government offered to donate to the Cubans food worth some seven million dollars, for distribution to the starving, and that this offer was rejected. It was assumed at the time that the offer of food was political in purpose and intended to help bolster up the government of Cuba, which had the approval of the Roosevelt administration. Dr. Wicker throws a somewhat different light on this episode. He says the food was rejected because it would have come in duty-free. This would have meant a loss of revenue to the government, which would in turn have endangered the payment of interest on government bonds, held both in Cuba and the United States. A perfect instance of the automatic cruelty with which the self-interest of private capitalism works against the general good.

THE annual survey of the American Civil Liberties Union for 1933 finds that injunctions, troops, private police, deputy sheriffs, labor spies and vigilantes were so universally in use during the year as to have become the normal order of business, more normal and ordinary, even, than in any previous year. Lynchings, too, took a spurt, rising from ten in 1932 to twenty-eight last year. Two further remarks of the survey carry their own eloquent lesson. "Only where labor has been well organized have its rights been respected." The second remark is perhaps unintentionally subtle, but considering the depth and universality of financial interests in the country it makes a melancholy curtain for a year of the New Deal: "Where property interests were not directly threatened the liberalism of the federal government has been effective."

The Automobile Armistice

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's settlement of the issues that threatened to bring a strike in the automobile industry is not a peace treaty but an armistice. It leaves the essential conflict unresolved by pretending to give both sides what they want; though as a matter of fact both sides cannot have what they want unless one of them is content with a mere formula devoid of substance. There is no evidence that this is the case. The "settlement" is a peculiarly Rooseveltian performance—it is the result of extremely skillful negotiation resulting in a compromise, for which praise could not be too high if we did not know that the basic question has not been faced and the essential decision made.

The genuine unions have been given what they

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wanted in the assurance that their members will not be discharged or discriminated against in other ways, and in the plan for representation on bargaining committees in proportion to the strength of their membership. The employers have been given what they wanted in the bargaining arrangement which grants, not direct recognition of the unions, but only of works committees, and in the provision for representation of the "company unions" which they themselves have set up. In so far as company unions are recognized by the scheme, the President has departed from his own dictum that "the government's only duty is to secure absolute and uninfluenced freedom of choice without coercion, restraint or intimidation from any source." How can such absolute freedom of choice be exercised in a union devised and organized by the employer, without dues, and with representatives paid by him? By the very terms of its existence, such a union is corruption of industrial democracy at the very source.

It is highly probable that the genuine unions will begin by having a majority among the employees. If the board created to adjust complaints of discrimination and set up the representation machinery acts efficiently, this majority should be adequately represented on committees. But here a fatal vagueness in the terms, reflecting the real lack of a meeting of minds, is almost certain to cause confusion. The unions apparently expect to be represented by their own committees, which, acting for a majority of the men in each plant, will make contracts covering wages, hours and conditions. If, then, the employers want to go through the formality of consulting with other committees representing minorities, and particularly the company unions, they can do so, but they cannot fix terms of employment for these minorities different from those fixed for the majority, and it will be obvious that the real agency for collective bargaining is the genuine union. This would be a practical victory for the union cause.

The terms of the settlement, on the other hand, may be so interpreted that there would be but one committee for each plant or company, on which would sit representatives of all the various factions in proportion to their strength. This would imply recognition by the genuine unions of the right of company unions to bargain for the workers. It would undoubtedly be used by the employers as a means of strengthening the company unions at every opportunity. Why, they could say to the workers, should you bother to pay dues to an outside union, when simply by voting in the company-union elections you can avoid this expense and still have representatives sitting on the selfsame committee that now does your bargaining for you? The fact that company-union representatives are inferior in bargaining power could be concealed as long as the independent union was in existence, since the company-union committeemen might well follow the pace set by the others. Another possibility is that the divisions among the workers, not only as between the A.F. of L. and company unions, but as between the A.F. of L. and more radical unions such as the Communist, would render the bargaining committees as ineffectual as parliaments representing numerous parties, and furnish the united employers a chance to do about what they pleased by playing upon the divisions in the ranks of their opponents.

The workers, in a word, have been granted, not the rights they have been striving for, but the chance to make good those rights in the future. They were about to stake everything on a strike, in which they might have lost all temporarily, but by which they might have gained security of status and the unquestioned right to bargain collectively. The settlement has saved them from the consequences of possible defeat without giving them the fruits of possible victory. It is now up to the workers to be as wise and wary as they can, to remember above all that what has gained them the conditional victory they have won is merely the demonstration of their organized power. It was in fear of a successful strike that the automobile companies hastened to reduce hours and raise wage rates, throwing a sop to the aroused employees. It was in fear of a successful strike that the President was compelled to intervene in order to put some meaning into the collective-bargaining provisions of the Recovery Act, and it was the threat of this strike that enabled him to extract from the employers what concessions he gained. Only a strong, independent, industrywide organization of labor in automobiles can now use the new machinery in such a way as to advance the cause of the workers. Only this can prevent the employers from whittling down the concessions until they amount to nothing.

Meanwhile, there is more need than ever for a carefully drawn law to accomplish the original intent of the Wagner Industrial Disputes Bill. The administration cannot live up to its announced purpose of keeping improper influence and coercion out of collective bargaining unless it declares unequivocally that so-called unions formed by and under the domination of the employer are not instruments for worker representation, and unless it puts teeth behind this declaration. It can neither sanction the formation of new company unions nor tolerate the use of those already formed, as it appears to do in the automobile settlement. It need not and should not discriminate among unions that may be formed by the workers themselves. But it should prevent employers from writing constitutions or by-laws of employee organizations, remunerating the representatives of such organizations in any way, or using any kind of influence to induce employees to join such organizations. "Contracts" between employers and such dummy unions should fail to be regarded as binding on the workers. The ambiguous settlement of the present controversy makes it all the more necessary that the basic issue should be decided clearly and justly. The failure to decide it in this instance is likely to breed endless trouble.

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Muddling Through with the Unemployed

IT IS now quite clear that the C.W.A. has died only to be born again under another name. Everyone in actual need throughout the United States and heretofore employed on a C.W.A. project is to be cared for through local authorities. Since very few have worked for the C.W.A. if they could get a job anywhere else, this means that the numbers will probably continue almost as large as ever, despite Mr. Hopkins' assurances that only 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 of the 4,000,000 will continue to need help. In some cases, the local authorities will institute projects similar to those now being ended; and many thousands of others are supposed to obtain jobs under the P.W.A., which is expected to get to work as soon as the weather is favorable.

All this being so, why wasn't the C.W.A. continued? To this there are several answers. First, the government had unwittingly put 4,000,000 men on the federal pay roll and thereby let itself in for all the normal obligations toward a federal employee, and particularly for possible pension claims and compensation in a case of death or serious accident to a C.W.A. worker. The second reason is that many communities throughout the country were lying back and letting the federal government take care of their problems in toto, even when they were in a financial position to carry part of the load. In the third place, pitiably small as the normal C.W.A. wage has been, it is true that in certain communities it has been higher than the average normal cash income of the poorest groups. By letting local authorities handle the matter on a relief basis, it is hoped that this problem will be solved. Finally, it is possible that another reason for ending the C.W.A. was the fear that its 4,000,000 members might become a political group of continued importance, like our 4,000,000 war veterans.

It is easier to recognize the reasons for the government's action than to condone the way in which it was done. The President and Mr. Hopkins certainly knew, when they made their dramatic announcement, that the C.W.A. workers would still be cared for, and that no one would be allowed to starve. Why was it necessary, then, to frighten all these men and their dependents nearly out of their wits by neglecting to emphasize this important fact? Even now, there is still great confusion, uncertainty and distress. Questionnaires are being distributed to C.W.A. workers to determine whether they are actually in need and therefore eligible for assistance through local authorities. These questionnaires are bitterly resented, and with much justification. When there aren't enough jobs to go round, there must be discrimination among applicants, and the government has decided to make need the test. Therefore it requires information regarding the financial status of the applicant. It is, nevertheless, a bitter indictment of our civilization that men and women willing and anxious to work at the pitifully small wage provided should be prevented from doing so unless they are destitute. At one stroke, the Roosevelt administration has cut off much of the good will it had created by setting up the C.W.A. and putting so many of the unemployed at work.

The whole story of the C.W.A. is another evidence that the United States has not yet faced the problem of unemployment in any realistic fashion, and that our stupidity and blindness are taking a terrible toll, both financially and in needless human suffering. Most of the country is still dominated by the Hoover ideology: if anybody is out of work there must be something wrong with him, and he ought to be humbly grateful, as The Chicago Tribune delicately puts it, that the community doesn't simply turn him out to starve—as in fact it has done in a good many cases. Mr. Roosevelt's policy is miles ahead of Mr. Hoover's, but it still leaves a great deal to be desired. Nobody in Washington has ever been quite sure whether the C.W.A. was intended as charity for the starving or as a new public-works program cutting the cocoon of red tape in which the unhappy Mr. Ickes has found himself enshrouded. For the first purpose, the amount spent has been far too large, at least in proportion to the benefit the unemployed have received; for the second purpose, it has been far too small, and too brief in duration. Even more serious, Washington has inherited the fatal weakness of the Hoover administration and has been too optimistic regarding the approaching end of the depression. There is no evidence that anybody thought seriously about any substitute for the C.W.A. that would maintain its most important benefits. What we are now seeing is not a constructive new policy, but the abandonment of one—such as it was—and a return to a system of which the best you can say is that it does keep a lot of people from starvation.

It is surely time for us to begin serious consideration of a system of unemployment insurance. If private capitalism is to go on at all in this country —as a majority of all Americans apparently believe it should—no matter what modifications are made by the New Deal, we are sure to have recurring periods of depression in which workers will be laid off; and we are certain to have, for years to come, a mass of unemployed for whom no work can be found even in good times—a mass that may be anything from two or three million up to ten or twelve. No possible planned society can amount to anything which does not make systematic and continuous provision for these groups—provision that involves a minimum of humiliation and uncertainty for them and a minimum disruption of our economic life because of their diminished purchasing power. A definite, national plan of unemployment insurance is the only thing that goes any distance toward solving these problems. Some thirteen other countries, including practically all the great industrialized nations, now have such systems. The Wagner-Lewis

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Bill, now before Congress, is intended to encourage action on unemployment reserves by the states; and it has the support of many important people, including President Roosevelt and Secretary Perkins. Its essential feature is a federal tax levied against employers of ten or more persons, from which can be deducted payments these employers may have made into a state unemployment-insurance fund. Such a plan would be infinitely preferable to our present cruel chaos. It should not, of course, close the door to a true federal system of unemployment insurance which in the long run would prove advantageous in all industries and a necessity in some. The door could be left open by a proviso that employers could be exempted from state payments if they had made payments into a national fund to be set up by some future federal unemployment plan. These questions, however important in themselves, are, after all, details. The important thing is that the country should realize, as the President and his advisers now do, that to go on muddling through with the unemployed is a crime against them and against the principles of a civilized community.

Hitler's Chickens Come Home to Roost

ON THE first day of spring, Adolf Hitler gave to the world his plan for a second campaign against unemployment. Two million more people are to be returned to work in the Reich during the coming year and two billion marks must be set aside to make this possible. In the first year of the new regime, says Hitler's announcement, the number of unemployed was reduced from 6,000,000 to 3,374,000, an achievement that no other government, in his opinion, has exceeded or paralleled. Outside of Germany, the whole world knows that this reduction is an arbitrary fiction, that the greater part of the 2,700,000 ostensibly reëmployed were not returned to industry but were drafted into service in "voluntary" labor camps, put to work on public projects and large farms, for board and pocket money, or removed from the ranks of the officially unemployed by the simple expedient of striking them from the lists of those entitled to unemployment benefit. A small percentage only was absorbed into normal industrial pursuits.

The German government failed to respond to Hitler's pronouncement with its customary enthusiastic unanimity. He had evidently made his reckoning without consulting with his host, and the Cabinet made no effort to conceal its exasperation over his costly plan. The three financiers in his administration, Finance Minister Count Lutz von Krosigk, Minister of Economics Schmitt and particularly President of the Reichsbank Hjalmar Schacht, protested clamorously against this new levy. Dr. Schacht, usually Hitler's unquestioning supporter, declared he would resign rather than risk the mark inflation that another issue of government notes might bring in a market already saturated with German paper. Von Krosigk, in a meeting of industrialists held in Münster last Sunday, deplored the heavy burden about to be placed on Germany's future and admitted that it would be difficult to raise the money through loans. It appears that Hitler, on the urging of Dr. Göbbels and Agricultural Minister Darré, is calling for a showdown with the non-Nazi elements in his government.

Germany's finances are in a critical state. The Reich budget for 1933-34 (ending June 30) shows a deficit of six billion marks which will have to be covered by loans at home or abroad. In the coming year its deficit will be larger still, for Germany's foreign trade is fast dwindling into nothingness while the embargo just announced on raw textiles is likely to result in even greater reprisals by its customers abroad. Certainly the decree that no importer will receive foreign exchange for more than 35 percent of his current obligations as against 50 percent several months ago will not improve the status of the German exporter in the world market. The head of the Reichsbank knows whereof he speaks when he calls the idea of discounting new Reich loans abroad an impossibility. Those of our fellow citizens who did not lose their shirts in German investments may be able to appreciate the grim humor of Dr. Schacht's comment. The depletion of Germany's gold reserves, he has informed her financiers, makes it imperative that her foreign indebtedness be regulated as speedily as possible. The implication was unmistakable that the proposed regulation would take the form of a point-blank refusal to pay. What other interpretation can one place on Dr. Schacht's delightful tribute to "German solidarity and moral rectitude" and his assertion that "her creditors abroad have lost practically nothing on their investments in the Reich, unlike those who invested their capital in other nations"?

Schools for the Mountaineers

THERE are two contributions to the present issue which, though very different in appearance, both deal in reality with the same subject. James Stuart writes five poems about people who attended the Kentucky hill college where he spent an unhappy year. Hamilton Basso addresses an open letter to Miss Martha Berry, the founder of the Berry Schools in Georgia. But essentially both of them are approaching the same question, that of educating the Appalachian mountaineers.

The question is more important than most Americans realize. The mountaineers are not a handful of quaint folksy people distilling moonshine and singing Elizabethan ballads in the forgotten coves of the Blue Ridge. They number millions. From Cambria County in Pennsylvania their territory extends to northern Georgia and a corner of Alabama: it includes portions of ten states. Some

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of the Appalachian counties are among the most densely populated—and overpopulated—rural districts in North America. The mountain people closely resemble the Ozark mountaineers and the poor-land people of central Kentucky. On the other hand, they are sharply distinguished from the poor whites of the Cotton Belt, who labor under the triple burden of poverty, dependency and contempt. The mountain whites, though equally poor, are proud and self-dependent.

Even in the fifth year of the depression, they are receiving more education than they did at the beginning of the century, and this in spite of the fact that their general living conditions have declined during the same period. There are now primary schools almost everywhere, and even high schools of a fair quality. But the poorer children often can't attend them, because they have no shoes for the winter and no money to buy textbooks. And college is usually an insuperable problem for families that don't see thirty dollars in cash from one year's end till the next.

A limited approach toward solving this problem has been made by the mountain colleges, of which the largest and best known are Berea in Kentucky, Lincoln Memorial University in Tennessee and the Berry Schools in Georgia. Mr. Basso describes the system on which they operate. An endowment is procured from wealthy philanthropists, usually as the result of devoted and self-sacrificing efforts by the college authorities. Faculty members are of necessity underpaid. The students earn their board and tuition by working for the college during vacations and in odd hours during the school term. There can be no doubt that this system has served a useful purpose by awakening and stimulating the mountain people and giving them new horizons. Indeed, the best proof of its value is one that the college authorities might be unwilling to accept. The best proof is that it has produced rebellious young poets like Jim Stuart and political rebels like Don West.

Yet the mountain students aren't wholly satisfied. The abortive strike in the boys' high school at Berry and the strike some years ago at Lincoln merely revealed a current of unrest. And the principal reason for it isn't economic. Many of the students feel that they are paid too little for their vacation work, and do too much of it, but they are open to the argument that if they stayed at home they would work longer hours and be paid still less—and this without receiving an education. Most of them are grateful for the opportunity they are being given. On the other hand they complain—and apparently with reason—that they are treated too much like charity pupils. They are subjected to rules that wouldn't last a day in a college where everyone paid his tuition in cash. Their social and private lives are supervised. At one such college—not Berry—girls are expelled for wearing silk or near-silk underwear and boys for smoking a cigarette.

There is another complaint that we have heard from some of the more serious students. They are proud of the mountain culture, with its ballads, dances, handicrafts and local loyalties. They say that the colleges are trying to destroy it and to substitute the business culture that prevails in the rest of the country. They say that the colleges want to transform the mountain people into conventional jack-in-the-box Americans, earning lots of money and spending it on doodabs. They say that the boys and girls who graduate from college are unhappy and uprooted in their own mountain valleys.

We hope that the college authorities will eventually be able to meet all these criticisms. But the general problem of educating the mountain people is too big for them ever to solve with the resources at their disposal. It is a problem too widespread and important for private charity. Perhaps the greatest untapped human resources in America are locked up in the Appalachian coves from Pennsylvania southward; they must be released; the mountain people must be given a chance to show what they can do. Abraham Lincoln came from stock like this, in the poor-land country of Kentucky. The leaders of the American proletariat in the future may possibly be drawn from much the same background.

Here is a problem in which, if the federal government isn't prepared to help, the state governments should take a hand. While the existing institutions are being encouraged, new ones should be added on a different basis. The basis is simple—that tuition and board should be provided as cheaply as possible; that the students have an opportunity to earn while they are learning, under favorable conditions; that they have some form of self-government and an opportunity to retain and develop their own good customs; that they shouldn't feel themselves dependent on alien charity. Some of the more progressive states in which the mountain people live—states like Virginia and North Carolina—might begin this experiment. It wouldn't cost much and it would offer a rich reward in terms of the human material that it rendered available to the state and to the nation.

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On the Detroit Front

Since Mrs. Vorse's article was written, President Roosevelt has obtained an agreement that ends the danger of an automobile strike—at least for the present. Its chief point is what might be called "proportional representation in collective bargaining": A.F. of L., company and all other unions to be represented on a workers' committee in the proportions in which they are represented among the men. Whether this settlement will be permanent depends largely upon the attitude and conditions of work among the rank and file of the automobile workers, reported by Mrs. Vorse in the article that follows.—THE EDITORS.

OUTWARDLY everything was the same in Detroit, while word was being awaited of the outcome of the conference of the twenty union leaders with the President. Cars were being turned out at capacity. The huge, rambling city which thinks and eats and sleeps, lives and dies in terms of motor cars, seemed usual enough. At night the air in the manufacturing districts was full of the rumbling of machinery. Green neon light glared through glass factory walls. But no one was thinking or talking of anything but the pending strike and the outcome of the conference in Washington.

Imagine a flood in spate, stopped and immobilized, yet not frozen. Imagine that flood conscious of its urge to power and you will have a picture of the tension that existed among the automobile workers after they agreed on the evening of March 20 to postpone their strike, fixed for nine o'clock the next morning. Five towns were involved—Detroit, Lansing, Pontiac, Flint and Cleveland. Thirteen plants were ready to walk out.

This strike would affect about 100,000 automobile workers directly and 300,000 indirectly. So rapidly have the workers swept into the unions that not even A.F. of L. headquarters here can give you their exact number. Organizer MacDonald reports that he alone has enrolled 10,000 workers this last two weeks.

When the President's telegram came, asking that the strike be put off, a meeting of seventy union heads was called in Pontiac. While the newspapers reported that there was a unanimous vote to support the President, this unanimity was not achieved without a tough fight. There were those who at first were for a work stoppage pending negotiations. It was clearly realized by the heads of the union how dangerous it is to dam up a strike that has been maturely decided on.

"This automobile strike has been brewing years," one of the men told me. "On the one hand you risk an unauthorized explosion of exasperated men when you stop a strike and, on the other, when the men are ready to go out and can't their enthusiasm is frittered away and deflated." A strike is a psychological thing; it comes to a head and gets mature like a fruit; after that it spoils. The men know this and chafe under their knowledge.

The unanimous vote achieved, the union leaders reported back to the rank and file. Great mass meetings voted to agree to the President's demands. Halls in five towns were filled with auto workers. They came in Sunday suits and they came straight out of the shops in grease-covered overalls. And they voted—after a good deal of explaining—to agree to delay the strike until their leaders could confer in Washington with the President. They agreed—but doubt has crept in. "It is their first break in complete confidence in President Roosevelt," one of the leaders told me. "Up until this time they have had complete confidence in Roosevelt's power to deliver the goods." "The goods" means a bona-fide union.

What complicates the matter further is that there are two other unions in the field. One of these, the Auto Workers' Union, by posters and through its newspapers has been warning the workers to beware of the A.F. of L. and its leaders, telling them that they will get nothing by waiting, that Section 7a is illusion and the only power that will help them is their own power: their only weapon the strike.

The Auto Workers' Union has about 3,000 members and is Communist-controlled. Its president, Paul Raymond, recently testified in Washington. While numerically small, it is active and has issued a call for a united front which is being discussed among the A.F. of L. rank and file, and to which the members of the Mechanics' Educational Society of America have agreed against the wishes of their leaders. This union originally was a tool and die-makers' union claiming 1,800 members. Lately the M.E.S.A. has also gone into the production end of the industry and has already organized several thousand workers.

The A.F. of L. officials and organizers are keenly conscious of these two militant groups, whose abilities they do not underrate. They see clearly how each strike delay plays into the hands of the opposition, and how conclusively these groups will have been proved right if there is no strike and no union.

The situation was tense enough before the strike was postponed, but now Detroit workers are literally seething. At the automobile hearing in Washington Arthur Greer, president of the Hudson local, described the situation as follows: "My men—I do not know how long I will be able to hold those men in the plant unless I get a final decision." He meant a decision concerning union recognition. "Those

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men have requested me to ask for immediate action. We have been delayed. We have been wrenched around. We have been waiting for months, and have been very patient on a lot of decisions handed down. . . . We are prepared. . . . We are not in a position to stand it much longer. They really have the match lighted ready to set that tinder box off very nearly within twenty-four hours."

"No one but President Roosevelt could have held them in," Mr. Greer told me, shaking his head. "Or rather, nothing but their belief in the President and their faith that he will uphold 7a. Why, these men idolize the President."

He turned to a group of automobile workers who had crowded into the office of the Hudson local. They nodded. They were seasoned men, family men, not a boy among them. Men who don't strike without reason. They knew what they were about, standing there, their hands and overalls black with machine oil.

We had just driven miles past factory after factory—plants mostly of glass, close to the ground, plants ornamented with strange buildings and chimneys of whose use we were ignorant. Past the recalcitrant Budd plant, whose front building is ironically a facsimile of Independence Hall, with the word LIBERTY on it in gold. Past the Bowers ball-bearing plant, already on strike, with pickets marching resolutely up and down in front of its gates. (Later one of the leaders was arrested for carrying "concealed weapons." He had a pop bottle in his pocket.) Past groups of workers streaming out of shop gates. We knew that every shop was possessed with one thought, and seethed with one excitement: What was happening in Washington? They all knew their representatives were going to Washington to insist on two points: (1) A supervised election among employees for representatives for collective bargaining, with the guarantee that the employer will deal with the A.F. of L. if its members poll majorities; (2) Creation of an impartial grievance board to hear cases of alleged discrimination and discharge of employees for union affiliation.

Of these demands William Collins, A.F. of L. organizer in charge of the auto workers, said before leaving, "Unless the right to collective bargaining completely free of domination is recognized, there is not a chance of stopping the strike. The men will not stand for it. We intend to ask President Roosevelt for an honest interpretation of Section 7a. If the President fails, nothing on earth can stop the strike. Workers in the automobile industry reading Section 7a of the National Recovery Act, like simple workers, read that it gave them certain rights under the law. They wish to find out if the National Recovery Act that gave employers the right to organize and regulate their business is the same law that allows these employers to prevent workers' collectively bargaining and freely choosing their representatives to bargain for wages and working conditions."

How the employers install a company union we learned at the Hudson local. "The company union which is called the Hudson Industrial Association was formed in August," said Greer. "The general manager and foremen instructed the men to come down and read the book of the so-called union. The laws were made for them when they came to the meeting. The union was handed out to them. Only about 100 or 150 men attended the meeting. The foremen and supervisors took an active part in putting the plan over.

"The foremen and supervisors openly urged the men to vote for officers. There were all sorts of demonstrations, also practical joking that day. This was permitted: only a little work was done. The men were running all over the shop having a grand time.

"As for the compulsory-insurance plan which the company installed—you see these cards?" There were two, one an application for insurance, and one a waiver. On the waiver was stamped: *As a member of the Hudson Industrial Association.* The other, the application, had the same words. A worker in taking employment signed one or another of these cards, and so automatically became a member of the company union. This forms the basis of the employers' claim of a 90-percent organization.

Behind the automobile workers' revolt lies the resentment against the automatic machinery that makes it possible for the employer to make more, and the worker less. The knowledge that General Motors made a profit of $83,000,000 in 1933, or twelve times more than in 1932; that other companies have made similar profits, while the workers' wages have remained low. Seven hundred dollars a year for a family man is average, and $1,000 a "good income," they will tell you. In 1923 the labor costs in making a car were about 15 percent, ten years later only 10 percent. The other 90 percent is divided among materials, dividends, advertising, sinking fund, etc. The work, besides, is seasonal. A worker must have enough to carry him four months—or seek help from relief.

To prevent unionism in any real form, labor spies and the accompanying blacklists are used. The shop discipline is extreme; a man is truly a part of a machine. He may not speak or smoke or take his mind from the machine for a moment. There is always the danger of discharge for even talking about "outside unions."

But the strike move is about more than this. It is to determine whether the government is in good faith about Section 7a. Millions of workers throughout the United States are waiting to hear the outcome. Thousands of workers in various industries have obediently gone back to work at the government's request, relying on the government's word that there would be no discrimination—and have then seen their members fired for union activity. They are waiting to hear the outcome of this situation almost as tensely as the automobile workers themselves.

To those who observed the Code Authority

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hearings, the employers' refusal to make any concessions is no surprise. There is more in the situation than a refusal to recognize the A.F. of L. Implicit in the refusal to allow any form of unionism except that of a company union is also a refusal to have government interference in private enterprise.

It looks a little like the "final conflict" as to whether the Blue Eagle is to be stuffed and sent to the Smithsonian as a curious specimen. It is not by chance that on the very day these deliberations are in progress the weather-wise Walter Lippmann comes out with a prophecy that N.R.A. is the rock that will wreck the Ark of Recovery.

Detroit. MARY HEATON VORSE.

About the Berry Schools

An Open Letter to Miss Martha Berry

MY DEAR Miss Berry: After the several days I spent at your schools, and the many hours in your company, it seems hardly necessary to tell you who I am. Nevertheless, should you have forgotten me, I am the person who recently visited the Berry Schools to gather material for an article about the Berry strike.

Let me say, at the outset, that it was an interesting and profitable visit for me. Schools like your own in northwestern Georgia, Berea in northeastern Kentucky and the Lincoln Memorial University in Tennessee are the only places where boys and girls from poor mountain and rural families can go for an education and, believing as I do that there is a great reservoir of energy and ability in our Southern highlands, I was anxious to see one of the institutions which are tapping that energy and ability and directing it into new channels. I was hardly prepared, however, for what I found. Knowing that your work began only thirty years ago, in a one-room schoolhouse, I anticipated a few rude buildings off in the hills. Instead, I found dormitories and recitation halls and laboratories that would do credit to a large Eastern university. I was truly astonished; equally astonished to find a student body of eleven hundred boys and girls from all over the South; boys and girls who, having no financial resources, do manual labor at the schools in payment for their tuition. I can well understand why you have been called one of the ten greatest women in America and why President Theodore Roosevelt said you were the greatest of them all.

You know, of course, the circumstances that led up to my visit. In August, 1933, the students then enrolled in the Berry High School for Boys went out on a strike. The boys' high school is but one of the three units of the Berry Schools. The others are the Berry College and the Berry High School for Girls. Only scant news of the strike came to the outside world. The New Republic learned of it from a letter written by Mr. Donald West, a former student of the Berry Schools who had interested himself in the strike. Mr. West's letter, appearing in The New Republic of October 4, contained certain charges:

> Before the depression the students were paid from sixteen to eighteen cents an hour. This summer, however, the authorities reduced the working students to the disgracefully low wage of ten to twelve cents an hour while tuition remained the same as before and prices in the school store, where students must buy their supplies, were raised considerably.

Mr. West's letter was answered by hundreds of others. They came from trustees, faculty members, students and friends of the Berry Schools—all of them strongly repudiating Mr. West's general attitude, but few of them attempting to answer his specific charges. One of them, from Mr. H. Leland Green, president of the Berry Schools, implied that there had been no strike. In view of this controversy The New Republic promised its readers that it would send an independent and unbiased person to the Schools and report his findings. And that, Miss Berry, is why I visited the Berry Schools.

I spent several days in Rome, Georgia. Until the afternoon of the last day, it was a pleasant time for me. You cut short a visit East to be present when I arrived and gave me a warm and hospitable greeting. The members of your faculty treated me with great courtesy and kindness. But then, on this last day, a curious and inexplicable thing happened. I was warned, in what way I will tell you later, that I was being trailed. Trailed is a word you possibly do not understand. It is synonymous with followed and shadowed. It is something the police do to a dangerous and suspicious character. You can understand, therefore, why I was puzzled. I am still puzzled. That is why I am addressing this letter to you. Perhaps you will be good enough to help me solve this mystery.

The afternoon train from Atlanta gets into Rome around four o'clock. The first thing I did, after I registered at the hotel, was to hire an automobile and go out into the mountains to call on the Sutton family. The eldest son, Willis, was one of the principals in the strike and I wanted to talk with him. He no longer attends the Berry Schools, having resigned after the strike when he was told by the authorities that his resignation would be welcomed, and I knew he would talk to me with absolute freedom.

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The Suttons live some twenty-five miles from Rome, near a little mountain settlement called Snow Springs. It was after dark when I arrived and the whole family was sitting around the fire. They reminded me of the people I knew and liked in the North Carolina mountains where I used to live.

Willis told me about the strike. He tried to conceal nothing. He is very young but he is also very earnest and sincere and I knew I could believe everything he said. He explained to me what the slash in wages would mean to the average student. Tuition at the Schools is placed at $150. The students work during the four summer months to earn this, working approximately 1,000 hours. No actual money is paid to the students. Everything is done on paper. Even if a student received the highest wage possible, twelve and one-half cents, all the time (which few, if any, of them do), he would earn but $125. The average earning for four months, I learned, was about $120, including overtime. The student, therefore, was faced with the problem of raising some thirty dollars to make up the difference in his tuition. Thirty dollars, to the person reading this, will probably not seem a lot of money, but it is more cash than passes through the hands of some mountain families in a year.

In my meeting with the authorities, at which, Miss Berry, you were not present, I was told that the Schools were prepared to take care of such cases and that a student might borrow the money he needed from the Students' Loan Fund. Such loans, I was told, did not become due until the first of September following the student's departure from the Schools—either by graduation or withdrawal. If not then paid they would begin earning 6-percent interest per annum.

Certain other ramifications of this financial problem were discussed by the authorities and myself but since they were only hypothetical I will not trouble you with them. I want only to point out one thing: During this entire discussion of wages and tuition, which occupied an entire afternoon, not once was I told that wages had recently been increased to thirteen to fifteen cents an hour. I learned this quite by accident and could not understand why it had not been mentioned to me. It seemed such a direct answer to certain charges directed against the Schools. I immediately went to a telephone and called President Green, who had been present at the meeting that afternoon. Mr. Green said that he could not tell me whether wages had been raised or not; that he would try to give me the information I wanted if I would call him several hours later. I did so and Mr. Green then told me that my information was correct, that wages had indeed been raised. Still perplexed, I asked him why it had been kept a secret from me. Mr. Green replied that it was not the intention of the authorities to keep it a secret but that nobody had thought of it.

This absent-mindedness, Miss Berry, could have resulted in serious consequences for me. Suppose, for instance, I had charged that the Schools were still paying wages of from ten to twelve and one-half cents an hour, despite a partial improvement in general conditions. How easy it could have been for the Schools to discredit that by saying that wages had been increased—and that they had been increased before I came to the Schools! Discrediting that, everything else I might write would also be discredited.

After our conversation about wages (and a very absent-minded conversation it was, you must admit), we went on to the matter of tuition. The authorities explained their failure to reduce tuition to a sum equivalent to a student's average earnings in various ways, but the attitude of the Schools, speaking broadly, appeared to be this: "We feel our students are amply repaid for their work. Our books will show that each student costs us $461.78 a year. In view of this we do not feel inclined to lower our tuition regardless of any change made in our wage scale." The position, Miss Berry, can be defended and I only wish it had been expressed in so many words.

I then asked the authorities about prices in the school stores. The authorities denied that prices had been raised when wages were cut and said that all merchandise in the store was sold to the students at cost. I talked with several boys who, like Willis Sutton, no longer attend the Schools, and it was their impression that prices had been raised, as Mr. West's letter charged they had. They could not remember the prices of any specific articles and I was therefore unable to check them against prices now prevailing at the school stores. I did, however, get a list of prices from the stores and check them, as far as possible, with the prices of identical articles in Rome. In no instance did I find a school price higher than a Rome price and so it may be said that although merchandise at the Berry stores is not sold to the students at cost, the management earns probably less than the average retail profit.

We now come to the strike itself. Was it a students' movement or was it engineered by outside persons? I cannot answer the question, Miss Berry, with absolute finality. Willis Sutton, in whose truthfulness I believe implicitly, said it was definitely a students' movement—even though he admits that in so far as the organization and technique of the strike were concerned, outside aid was had. Other boys, however, present students as well as others no longer enrolled at the Schools, said it was entirely an outside movement. The two points of view, different though they are, are not necessarily irreconcilable.

What happened was this: A small group of students, possibly five or six, decided to organize a strike to protest against the wage cut. Either they sought outside aid or such aid was volunteered. At any rate, as far as the organization of the strike is concerned, its step-by-step arrangement, they did receive aid. No outsiders, however, were present on the campus when the strike began, although one

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non-student came to the Schools several weeks before the strike and held group meetings with students in their rooms. When the strike came it was joined by ninety-six out of the hundred students in the boys' high school. Neither of the other two units of the Schools participated in it in any way. The four dissenters were compelled to join the protest. The boys, therefore, presented a solid front against the administration.

The strike was over in a few hours. After the students failed to appear for work the authorities called a general assembly. Various members of the faculty spoke to the boys and asked them to call off the strike. Either the strikers had reconsidered or were carried away by the eloquence of their professors. They voted a pledge of loyalty to the Berry Schools and went back to work. The Berry strike, abortive and ill organized, was over. But it *was* a strike. The position of the authorities, who contend that there was no strike at all, cannot be maintained.

You told me, Miss Berry, that you could not understand why the boys in your high school wanted to have a strike. They were not badly treated, they had good food and pleasant rooms, their working conditions were as good as you could make them, you simply could not understand why they wanted to strike. I wonder, Miss Berry, if the ultimate explanation is not contained in one of the students' demands which Mr. West's letter did not mention —a request for more social activities and a lessening of restrictions. Your students feel, Miss Berry, that they should be permitted to visit at home occasionally during the school year, instead of being forbidden even to leave the campus. Some of the older students, boys in their twenties, would like to smoke a cigarette or a pipe now and then; instead of being held up as bad examples, sometimes given demerits, for doing so; a practice which causes them to smoke in secret. Both boys and girls, Miss Berry, would like to be able to see each other more freely; not at socials and debates and in chapel but as young men and women, instead of being segregated like monks and nuns. These mountain boys and girls, also, have more pride than one is likely to imagine. They are not "poor whites" in any sense of the word. I have lived among them and it is their pride, a very fine pride, which distinguishes them in my mind. They do not like to feel, as they are often made to feel, that they are wards of charity. The way they think about themselves is that instead of working for a living they are working for an education. The idea of accepting charity is intolerable to them. It seems to me, Miss Berry, that it was a combination of little things like these, rather than a single big thing like a wage cut, which motivated the Berry strike.

And now, Miss Berry, I come to the story of my own curious adventure. I made no effort, while I was in Rome, to conceal my actions in any way. I was simply a reporter out on a story. You can understand my amazement when I was warned that I was being trailed—which, as I said, is something the police do to suspicious characters.

Late one afternoon, when I returned to my hotel, I asked the clerk for my mail. He handed me a letter, bearing no postmark, with my name and room number printed on the envelope in ink. I asked where it came from. The clerk said it had been delivered by a Negro boy. I opened it and read it. The letter said in part: "There is a detective guarding the school grounds and a regular detective, Mr. Brown, watching the Forrest Hotel and Rome."

It is impossible, Miss Berry, for me to believe that letter. After the hospitality you extended to me, after your having me to dinner, after the welcome given me by the members of your faculty—then to have me shadowed! It is just one of those things that can't be. Why should I be shadowed? After all, there was no conflict between us, no antagonism. We spoke very freely—even about such things as political credos. Everything was open and friendly and aboveboard. This detective business is just somebody's way of having a little fun with me—isn't it, Miss Berry?

One thing more and I will end this already too lengthy document. This morning I received a letter from one of the boys I talked with in Rome. May I quote part of it?

> I am writing you and asking you not to publish anything I told you when you were in Rome. I have nothing against the Berry Schools and I think it is the greatest school anywhere. It did great things for me and helped me get a start in life. I am for the School 100 percent.

The young man, it would seem, is worried that what he said might be held against him. Why he should be so disturbed, I am at a loss to understand —unless, of course, he has been threatened. His only complaint was that there was not enough social life at the Schools; a complaint, as I have pointed out, that is fairly general. I add this, Miss Berry, not to burden the record but to ease a young man's troubled mind. I hope it serves its purpose.

And now, Miss Berry, thank you for bearing with so long and dull a letter. Thank you, also, for making my visit to Rome such an interesting, pleasant and profitable one. With all good wishes to yourself, and to the members of the faculty it was my privilege to meet, I am,

Sincerely yours,

HAMILTON BASSO.

The foregoing article was submitted several weeks in advance of publication to the authorities of the Berry Schools and they were invited to prepare a reply or comment for publication. Thus far The New Republic has had no reply to this invitation or to several subsequent communications regarding it. If any reply or comment is received, it will be published at the earliest possible moment. —THE EDITORS.

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FIVE GRADUATES OF FISHBONE

Sam Porter

The winter wind is whistling through the trees
Out in this desolate country place;
The wind is nipping keenly at my face
And I keep tagging at my ragged sleeves.
My sleeves are frizzled like a ground cane-stalk
And with their frizzled ends I wipe my nose.
This February wind blows
Cold and lonesome here among these hills;
It makes cold chills run up my spine.
The snow is a white blanket to the timber line.
I pick up the half-bushel split-bottom feed basket
And go this blue-cold February morning
To give yellow corn to the calves
And white corn to the cows.
I wiggle my cold toes to get them warm,
Wiggle them in my new yarn socks
As I walk over frozen cornstalks—
Wiggle my toes to keep them warm
As I wade through slop manure at the barn.
Some wouldn't think it
That I once went to college,
Fishbone College,
To get me knowledge.
But I couldn't drink it.

Velvet Martin

It wasn't my fault—
That's what a college does for one.
I don't know who the child belongs to—
Zembro, Curley, Pickford, Luke or John—
You're telling me like I don't know.
You bet your life I'll teach this girl so-so,
She is my flesh and blood, you bet your life.
I'm sorry that I ever went to Fishbone.
This is the education that I got,
A basket of education.
I got this one,
This one a-tugging—tugging—tugging,
This piece of education tugging,
Tugging at my breast.

Cain Bottomly

I fed the fattening hogs before the chickens left the roost
And nubbined the cows between the cracks of the rail fence
On early November mornings.
I stood barefooted on the frosted grass
Till blood oozed from between my toes—
I didn't want to do it, God knows.
Cow slobbers in white flakes of foam
Fell on my fingers and my toes
Like a warm snow—
And pap said, one early frosty morning in November
When I was standing barefooted on the frosted grass
In the old wagon road back of the corn crib—
Pap said I was a boy so good to work and smart
That he wanted me to have a chance in this world,
A chance with other men and women,
Said he thought that I could take an education.
He said Jim Spriggs had heard about a college
Where that I could go and make my way.
Jim Spriggs ran for County Sheriff about that time
And he was after the ten votes in our family.
No use to relate my sad adventure at Fishbone College.
I ate in the wrong restaurant in the town of Fishbone—
The college didn't own it and they sent me home.
Today I'm back among the hills
Wearing my stiff brogans to hide frostbitten toes,
Feeding the fattening hogs
Before the chickens fly from the roost,
Feeding the cows nubbins before daylight.

Ival Sixemore

I was a lovely girl
When I went off to Fishbone.
Listen, world!
Today I am no lovely girl—
This teaching school
Has got the pretty parts of me.
The blue has left my eyes,
My skin is changing too,
Same as my eyes are changing from their blue.
I am a winter fuzzy-wuzzy tree—
Grapevines are climbing through the limbs of me.
Ah, they have tied me hand and foot
I stand alone,
A naked tree out on a naked hill—
Tied hand and foot—tied hand and foot—
Ever so still—ever so still.

Jim Stuart

Where is old Fishbone and her jailed crowd,
Her old professors with canes and white hair?
And where am I, just plain Jim Stuart—
Game Rooster, Upstart, Nothing and Poor White?
Yes, where am I, just plain young Jimmy Stuart
Who learned to read a little and to write?
I do not care to tell you where I am—
Back in old W-Hollow shucking corn,
Back in old W-Hollow and don't give a damn
To tell the world—World, here I am.

JAMES STUART.

James Stuart is seventeen years old and lives in W-Hollow in Greenup County, Kentucky, where he was born. He spent one year at a Kentucky mountain college, but rebelled at the strict rules and was asked not to return. At present he farms and goes hunting—his brother Jesse, who has written for The American Mercury, says that Jim is one of the best rifle shots in Greenup County.—THE EDITORS.

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Nertz to Hertz

The Sad Air Waves

AND GOD saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. . . . And that, being as it was in the beginning, settled things. It was simple, I might almost say elemental; but since that time a chap named Hertz discovered an ether wave, and a great many of God's children (the figure for this country is roughly twenty millions) have got a radio.

And thus it comes to pass that the sun ariseth and the wind goeth where it listeth, but in small cigar stores and farmhouses and nightclubs and flats up and down the land the day divides itself into as many segments as a Salvation Army pie. There is the wake-you-up, cheery-good-morning time, and the time of inspirational talks; there is the period of the farm-and-home-and-hints-to-housewives hour. There is quite a long beauty-and-bridge-club interval, and after that the inevitable kiddies' hour. Then the family hour, the second-assistant family hour (later and for a more urban hearth); and finally the dance period, starting sweet and sticky and getting yeh-man, or hot, by 1:00 A. M.

If you have a radio, if you listen to your radio, all this sets up a sort of inner rhythm. Your nerves get frayed, and things look different. During these last few weeks, for example, I cannot look at the once simple fact of air above the streets and houses without the certain knowledge of all the treacherous fat phrases swimming there, crossing and recrossing on their proper frequencies, and waiting for a chance to plop with oily plops in the front room (the home, the man's castle) of prospective customers. This does things to me. I have hot flashes: at the sound of small sounds I jump, and my language shocks friends. I keep muttering. . . .

The time that it is is b.u.l.o.v.a. Hamilton watch time.

The time is ten one and one-half; it is daytime, hideeheytime.

And that is the time. High time to consult Dr. Owens, who sits receptively in his modern magnificent offices in Newark, Elizabeth and Staten Island, New Jersey, waiting for people with teeth. High time also to confer with the Modern Medical Associates, who will again publish questionable facts over WHOM tomorrow at the same time.

What is more, it will not be a very long time either. (The mutton market mounts manifestly.) It will not be very long before you are ten to fifteen years younger and so much more vivacious that it will not be at all very long (Miss Charm's spuhlendid method of drinking Charm Tea will turn the trick—just send one dollar in cash or coin). Yet how can nervous breakdown in adolescents be avoided? Jad (pronounced Jad) salts will break down what's inside you and won't they break it down though. Simple directions how to lose a pound a day. (Still Fels Naptha soap will get ALL the dirt out—it is richer soap, good golden soap, says WJZ's own "Curlyheaded Smoothshaven Ladies' Aid.") And yet how can nervous shakedown in adolescents be avoided. Ah that, sir, that. . . .

And from Barney-the-Cut-Rate-Clothing-King (who has been called the king of cut-rate clothing), cut-rate clothes. That from Barney, and should you not like it you can go and take an electrical transcription of Jack and Ed's Outlet Store. Or backward turn backward to the Voice of Experience, analyzing your fifty intricate problems of intricate modern life, and all for the mutual benefit of the makers of Musterole and Zemo (spelled z.e.m.o.), respectively. Dear Voice of Experience my aunt which had a severe attack of change heard about Musterole from a friend and now she no longer has any zemo or shooting pains but feels fine. Now at the close of the opening of the mail Professor V. O'Experience will sell you his own book which its proceeds will go to worthy charity. To a certain extent.

But hasn't someone told you with considerable warmth that there is small use being cynical about your radio because if you don't like a program, why, just turn away from it, that's all? Turn away *from it into what.* Into Vin Lindhe, diseuse (who effervesces grace and charm), perhaps? Into Renée Thornton (and our miy-und has to show on our FACES, and so we groom it and we CAY-UH for it, and we use POW-dah)? Or into lyric Wheels of Events, and the Romance of Helen Trent (even at thirty-five, woman can know the charm that thrills—granted a jar of Edna Hopper's skin grease), and Ann Leaf at the console of the mighty organ? (You might liefer not.) Or possibly Music Magic, or Racing Rhythm, The Merry Madcaps, Merry Macs, Sid Schwartz or Loew's low-down? Or suppose for variation you get over into the spiritual country of Miss Barbara (Ho) Toy, whose amazing insight into the pitfalls into which we all fall is a psychological (did she fall or was she pushed) and even philosophical gift of insight? Or into Steel Guitars? Interviews? Mandolins? Gracie Allens? Sopranos? Story Ladies? Treasure Box Ladies? Advertising Clubs and Theatre Clubs and Painted Dreams and of course the Mandarin Four? Or into, for a final flourish, the Pillsbury Party Lady, here to tell you how to make hot biscuits

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("Hot biscuits!" I can hear you say out loud . . .)? La, sir, enough of this and we will turn into water within (or worse).

Maybe you are told to bide a bit, though, and reminded that there is a time for everything. So bide if you wish until shadows grow longer (my love for you dear gets stronger) and with luck you may catch the London String Quartet, just finishing off a bit of Brahms, all bound round by Billy Huggins (songs) to the north, The Lady Next Door to the west, eastward just a plain radio revue, and about four more minutes to the south—Wheeeee, it's SKIPpee, the friend of every sale of Phillip's toothpaste. Overlapping from some direction or other you can just make out the wheezy sounds of a dance marathon in its 2,083rd hour, and Wiggles Royce's partner is lugging him around the floor. Wiggles has his eyes closed and looks a bit tired, but will sing. Sing Wiggles. "When your hair has turned to sil-ver-r . . ." (if not your stomach).

The London String Quartet signs off, and that is that.

Time marches . . . ON! (fanfare: sock-cymbal). And now you are in the kiddies' hour, and I do hope God will help you because the Babes in Hollywood, Jack Armstrong (cuh-rispy cuh-runchy Wheaties), Tom Mix (Ralstons) and Buck Rogers (delicious Cocomalt) certainly won't. Nor Bobby Benson (H-O Oats), nor Ovaltine's adopted Orphan Annie, nor Uncle Don (he, dear old lover of children and Bond Bread, standing in the shadows of life's day and loving Bond Bread and children to beat hell). If I were looking for a weak spot in radio's armor, I would inspect just this period of the day somehow, for I do not particularly hate the little folk, and yet I am familiar with the workings of Browning automatics, and if it fell out that I should ever come across just one of the several screechy little studio lord-fauntleroys, well, no matter for that.

Time marches with some difficulty through Myrt and Marge, doing their wonders for Wrigley, and Just Plain Bill who plugs the Kolynos idea; through the Molé Jesters, Pebecco's own Radie Harris, etc., and now (time acceding) bend an ear to Gracie Allen pouting over White Owls and tell me whether machine guns aren't nice. Gracie and Guylomboggo.

But here now—Zee wine ees strongair, zee keeses last moch longair—we have filtered into the family hour, the big-time. Hear Ed Wynn surmount the insurmountable for Texaco, which puts new life in motor cars and also in Ed Wynn, who surpasses the insuperable, all a-whinny with lousy puns. Or for more real splendor hear Mr. Crosby turning his appassionata pinwheels on a little piggie which it went to market or stayed home, as the case was. Or Bing doing piggiewiggies on his Old Spinning Wheel. Or his wickywackywickies (the familiarity is not mine) on the new tapioca. Bing gets support from the Mills Brothers; he is given appropriate accompaniment by a band; he is now and then shooed away from the mike for a little pertinent household drama on the part of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, mothers. And to what end, or, what boots it? We are not told, but it is carelessly let fall every two and one-half minutes that Woodbury's soap can not only be bought in the open market but will serve to wash your face with. (Its beauty is on its way to you. Your fresh new face will look lovely. This is Kenneth Niles speaking.) Peek-a-boo.

Bing and the boys have their own peculiar virtues, I am free in admitting, but if you stumble on this hash program at a time when you are looking for something else, you are likely to scream out to the purveyors of Woodbury's soap unfriendly directions as to where they can go with it. Every last bar.

Mr. Crosby, by the way, now places second only to Mr. Joe Penner in the radio-star contest (between them they draw something like 37,500 fan ballots). Bing, of course, sings. Joe on the other hand is a humorist; he laughs. He says: You nasty man. He says: Don't ever do that. He laughs. You nasty man, he says. He pages his duck, which quacks. You nasty man, says Mr. Joe Penner, who, being as he is a humorist, then laughs.

Still, Joe is surely in the van of radio fun, which follows in the ordinary run of things a course roughly indicated by the following accurately transcribed gag:

> FIRST GAGGER: Let's sing "Sitting on a Log."
> SECOND GAGGER: What you ought to do is sit on a tack.
> FIRST GAGGER (promptly): Oh yeah?
> (orchestra reprise)

But if after Bing you are still around, you will no doubt find something you have no doubt been long looking for in Dr. Chesterfield's Philadelphia stokowski. Only, there is a bit of harmless prank you may not have noticed here. For weeks now, Mr. Stokowski's boys are advertised and pointedly referred to as playing their music over this network (C.B.S.) at this time (9 P.M.) by appointment. And when you get there the cupboard is bare, and a pleasant voice springs the gag, it being that Mr. Stokowski's message to us tonight is that he hasn't got any message. Fun? you never saw anything like it, and all quite with a dead pan, followed by a little lyricism in favor of cigarette satisfaction, and Mr. Levin proceeds on a better imitation of Stokowski than Stokowski.

For families that are families there are less pretentious things such as the Del Monte Ship of Joy (Ah it is a magic mystic make-believe ship, the Del Monte Ship of Joy), or the Showboat, very homey, very hash, and very praiseful of Maxwell House Coffee, about which the jolly crew weave homey homilies coming so straight from the heart that you could hardly ask for a basis in fact. And Glen Gray puffing for Camels, and those old Old Golders, and dear me could we ever pass by the friend of everyone young or old who having eaten something finds

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himself at a loss as to what to do with it (the ud-delicious chocolate laxative that keeps you ur-regular; there is un-nothing more PLEAsant, un-nothing more GENtul, nothing, in fact, more laxative and yet not too laxative). . . . But who can describe it, the family hour? You would have to come and hear for yourself—the personalities, the duos, the trios, the fouros, the orchestras, the—us boys just call them orks.

Hear Waring supported by solos. Hear him supported by duos, by trios, by—one more and I will kill thee, and love thee after—by the chorus, by the male chorus, by the altogether ensemble chorus, by the choir. Also, if there is any time left and point in it, get a faint strain from the orchestra that he used to take with him positively everywhere: Let's fall in luh-hove, why shouldn't we fall in luh-hove, since we are made of it, let's take a chance on it, why be afraid of it (Dr. Wharton, though denying radio, still stands on the old stand). Or hear Paul (Just Call Me Kraft's Creamed Olde English) Whiteman and his orchestra make a noise like an organ and then make a noise like Paul Whiteman's orchestra (fanfare; ork pick-up; bass solo: Will hee-e find peace from the anvil?—Paul Whiteman's Kreamy Olde Ork makes a noise like an anvil).

If it's orchestras you are after though, you should wait until the last period, when active consumers may be supposed to have got a bit weary and retired to munching their Ex-Lax and Pebeco and crispy-crunchies. About twelve is when things loosen up, so to speak, and the sponsoring sugar parents get off the air, and the stations go listlessly around making their pick-ups at the smooth hotels and clubs. In that period you can hear all the jazz bands, including the fifty-four worst ones and also four or perhaps five good compact orchestras with leaders who are willing to stop ogling the debutantes and trying to go Carnegie Hall long enough to play an occasional fast well built number. There is Isham Jones, whom you perhaps know as the Old Maestro, and Ozzie Nelson, who has been called the Old Maestro, and Emil (Eimie the Maestro) Coleman, and Claude Hopkins, O. M., and Cab (otherwise The Toff, Sonnyboy, The Old Maestro, etc.) Calloway, and two or three others, not to overlook the Old Maestro.

By this means you will get one of the three good things of radio; the second being its sporadic transmission of operatic, symphonic and chamber music (as provided in open concert: leave Erno Rapee out of this); and the third being the bringing into your home of such personalities as still have a little of the brightness of humor and mortal warmth left about them. Durante comes to mind, for one example, and Deems Taylor, for another, and even Jessel and Ed Whinn; also a young chap by name of Woollcott, who shows enough promise as a radio entertainer to make me apprehensive that the movies or the publishers will come across him, and give him a job somewhere.

The sad fact, however, is that the really good things radio has to convey (it develops no decent form of its own) are like the seeds in horsedroppings—offering nourishment, but rather difficult to come at. On the whole it is not only lousier than anything else in the world, but it is a significant fact of our national life: functionally no more than an immense and articulate billboard, it is looked to for entertainment and instruction everywhere. And being able to think of it in no other terms, I must part company with the professional yea-sayers and conclude that whatever the pleasure afforded, the set-up is one of commercial immensity, false, hollow, and of a cheapness that is best illustrated in the manner developed by its announcers. The range of lush though slightly second-hand enthusiasms that is required of these gentlemen as a class staggers one, makes one speculate whether in American the word pimp has not been quite superseded, and made rather quaint, and turned by comparison into a term of pure endearment. You cannot get anything on the radio that won't have this spineless emotionalism of the announcer oozing around its edge, and perhaps this is obnoxious to you and perhaps it isn't.

But if you ever buy a nationally advertised brand afterwards, if there aren't times when you would rather smoke camel hair than Camels, if you never retch at sight of a toothpaste, and if you can look an Auburn or a Barbasol or a loaf of Wonder Bread in the face, then you must be the perfect listener, the prop and stay of an organization so thoroughly given over to the matter of selling as to surpass any venality we've been able to cook up yet, including the American press. You are the prop and stay, all right, and probably the source of one or more of the fan letters giving N. B. Center its daily cue as to how the consumer would like to be tickled and bilked. And good luck to you as such, but no thanks.

OTIS C. FERGUSON.

Traveler

Smoke trails from an engine
Before a traveler's eye,
Blue against the dark earth,
Brown in blue sky;
But brown along the brown earth
And blue along blue sky
Shall run the breath of a traveler
When he shall die—
Unless his life was firmer
Than a breath of smoke,
Unless he knitted his flesh and bone
Into the deeds he spoke
And left along the brown earth
Bright azure of his veins
And lifted to the blue sky
His body's dark pains.

WITTER BYNNER.

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Dear Mr. Editor

DEAR Mr. Editor: These items were gathered by the writer in eighteen months of travel on foot (rode very few rattlers). In the small towns they're all indoors—no one allowed to congregate around public places, except in toilets in city halls where the police upstairs can hear what they say. Summertime of course they're in the parks or pitching horseshoes on vacant lots or down by the river fishing.

"Bloody" Williamson County in Illinois (coal-mining region). There's 30,000 coal miners out of work in this region—eleven towns—*no banks*. Two union factions, the Progressives and United Mine Workers. The Progressives have been out on strike for a year; it cost the state of Illinois $1,500,000.

With the coming of the C.W.A. the Progressives decided to abandon their fight and go to work for the government, as they figured they could make as much money by working on the C.W.A. When it came time to go to work they discovered the project was five miles from town (Taylorville). They demanded that the government furnish transportation to and from the job. This was done, and peace reigned in Taylorville, as far as shooting was concerned, although the two factions use separate sides of the town square at night and on days off.

Having "toured" southern Illinois, I decided to thumb my way to Wisconsin. At Centralia the town hall was all decorated for the visit of a congressman who spoke of the benefits of the N.R.A. The hall was packed. At least 3,000 attended (coal miners and railroad men). The meeting lasted from 8 to 11:30. All kinds of promises were made to remedy conditions. Three weeks after, the Illinois Central moved their shops from this town, throwing 500 more on the streets. So that settled the N.R.A. here. Will also add that all banks in this town closed, and are not yet open.

The next day I decided (forcibly) to move north and go to Kankakee. To my amazement the same congressman is again going to speak in this town. As 5 o'clock is too late to travel, I'm going to hear the congressman about the benefits of the N.R.A. again. Forgot to mention the congressman's name—Speaker Rainey of the House of Representatives. The meeting is at the K. of C. hall—placards are plastered all over this Republican town (home of Len Small, late Governor. No banks crashed in this town, because Small owns the town—and a 30,000-acre farm.)

That night the writer slept in the town hall in the basement and on the cement floor. Seventy slept there, colored and white. At 6:00 A.M., without breakfast, they marched us down the street to the railroad yard with a parting salvo: "Don't come back again."

But as fellows on the road have got to eat, I decided to come back to town and try and spear a breakfast at a back door. (Got to hit the back doors in this town, as the restaurants are all Greek-owned, and a Greek, any man on the road will tell you, gives nothing away.) Was successful in getting breakfast, but it was raining so I decided to stay in town. Put in about two hours around the County Building in the hall. This is the spot in any town where all the natives express an opinion since the depression. The hall was packed. The place stunk like a stable. It looked like a "hobo convention," all dejected and raggedy.

After recovering from the shock that there were "natives" out of work (in haughty, proud Kankakee, 1929) I started getting inquisitive as to what they were doing. They were waiting for the Overseer of the Poor. Well, my gut is full, and it's raining, and I'm going to see the finish of this performance.

It's now 9:00 A.M., but the Overseer of the Poor has not yet arrived. A cop in uniform is now clearing a passage in the hall for the county politicians to get to their offices. All the politicians arrived in cars, the majority wearing diamonds and smiles. (Why wouldn't they wear smiles?) Some of the unemployed "town bums" extend their hands to the politicians, who keep them at a civil distance—looks to me they are afraid of getting lousy.

But the excitement is due to start any minute (this I knew because the "town bums" were saying six were arrested yesterday for stealing coal from the Illinois Central yards).

The overseer arrived in a Buick limousine driven by a woman. She hurried across the lawn of the County Building and was amazed at the howling mob that greeted her. Catcalls and boos. Deputy sheriffs and city police scattered through the crowd, but they did no good. They wanted food and coal. I couldn't believe it. Previous to 1929 Kankakee would prefer to pinch a bum rather than a bandit.

Knowing that you are a busy man and haven't got time to review the newspapers like I have, I will try to send you the clipping showing how, in desperation, they killed the Overseers of the Poor down in the Illinois coal-mining region (man and woman), and in a town in Iowa they kidnaped (woman) social-service worker—took her out five miles from town and horsewhipped her. The chief of police was at the head of the parade (angry, hungry mob of 2,500). The chief had had no salary for six months. He was on relief too. (Good way to have them.)

In any part of the foregoing, I don't think I mentioned the attitude of old "John Farmer." Well, to my surprise, John is very inquisitive and extremely obliging. The hitch-hikers get a lift from him, and they exchange views while riding. The only ones John would like to eliminate with a shotgun are the bankers and the middlemen. All of a sudden he becomes sympathetic toward the hoboes,

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but the old-time hoboes despise him, knowing the abuse the hired man got years ago. You can now go to a farmhouse and sit and eat with the family and converse. The dog is tied up in the yard, and the barn is open. John is still a great churchgoer, but the preacher says he's tight-fisted; he hasn't got any money. In my travels this summer it is my intention to avoid the farm.

Wisconsin is where the rumpus is going to start.

Through the Corn Belt of Iowa for 490 miles there isn't a bank. They're really desperate and will join the parade.

In Atchison, Kansas, all train riders and hitchhikers are arrested and put on the farm. Horses on this farm are discarded; all prisoners in groups of ten are strapped to the plows. These measures are being adopted to discourage radicals from entering the Wheat Belt.

The state of Indiana recently passed a law making it a felony to molest anyone on the highway. Ohio put on 120 state troopers on January 1. These two states to serve as an "artery" in case of future trouble in the West.

In Janesville, Wisconsin, General Motors built a Chevrolet plant costing $10,000,000. All banks in the town are closed. Seventy-five hundred men on the streets. Plant completely abandoned, machinery moved. Watchman with a cat at the plant. The cat didn't get enough to eat.

Coming east, at Cairo, Illinois, there are miles of empty houses. The Illinois Central moved the shops; 5,000 railroad men out of work. Same thing at DuBois, Pennsylvania—the railroad moved the division plant; 2,300 men on the streets. At Altoona the shops and roundhouse burned and the railroad didn't rebuild them; 6,000 men out.

At Pottsville, Pennsylvania, the Reading Coal Company is closed down and letting the mines flood. I went to an unemployed meeting (2,500 there, no transients but me). They talked about seizing the mines. The only way they've had of making a living is bootlegging coal. They'd go up on the mountains at night and blow a hole where the coal veins come near the surface, steal a truckload (hand trucks) and get down on the roads before the company's guards got on the spot. Next night they'd have to blow a new spot. The guards would blow in the old one during the day so a man didn't dare work it again.

They got that fixed on them now, though. The companies have a new scheme—all trucks found on company property are fined for trespassing. So they catch the trucks before they get on the roads and fine them the worth of the truck and the coal in it.

For a miner to get work in some regions in Pennsylvania he has to have a recommendation from the sheriff that he isn't a radical.

Danville, Ill. JAMES O'NEILL.

Washington Notes

Crossroads of Crisis—Getting Down to Brazen Tactics—Weary with Vain Pleadings—"This Is Not Recovery"

THERE has been in the past week a considerable number of seemingly important happenings in this vicinity, some of them touched with color and of only passing interest; others dull but of really vital concern. There have been certain signs that things were going well within the New Deal management, and certain other signs that quite the reverse was happening. However, in my judgment the thing of greatest significance that has happened in Washington for a good many weeks is the fact that after nearly a year of shadow boxing, sidestepping, backing and filling, we seem at last down to the basic question—to wit, will labor have its way in this administration or will capital? That a finish fight on this issue is inevitable seems to be the opinion of every discerning man who has been in touch with affairs. It may not come this week. It may be avoided, evaded or postponed, but in the end there is, I believe, no escape therefrom. And, in this view, I am in accord with the leaders on both sides.

Briefly, the facts as Washington sees them are these: for nearly a year the administration, through the N.R.A., has been appealing to the industrialists for voluntary coöperation in solving the unemployment problem. General Johnson, who instinctively and naturally takes the industrialists' point of view, in order to obtain business support paid an outrageous and ridiculously high price in the form of codes and concessions, the net result of which has been to bring the whole experiment to the brink of collapse and fill the country full of confusion and resentment.

Now with business improved in every section, earnings going up and orders coming in, the administration still faces the fact that there are more than six million people on federal relief rolls—which means that the total number of unemployed has not appreciably diminished. Even the more dim-witted of the administration advisers realize that this burden cannot be indefinitely sustained if the more violent form of inflation is to be avoided and genuine national solvency achieved, as the President so confidently promises, in 1936. Under the relief standards we have established, and with the great and expensive distributing organizations created in every county, city and state, even this country cannot stand many years of such a drain. The only solution of the problem is for industry to take the burden off the government's back, and it is to compel industry to do this that the President and General Johnson are now driving. To get anywhere, they are obliged to take the A.F. of L. side, and adopt the labor point of view—namely, that industry can and should absorb more men, and raise wages.

It may as well be recognized that persuasion and argument are completely ineffective in this business, and that industry as a whole will do just as much as it has to and no more. In other words, force must be used. The administration, apparently, has now reached the point where it purposes to use its undoubted power to obtain compliance, even if compelled to exercise the licensing feature of the

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Act, which has not yet been evoked. The somewhat indiscreet General Johnson is reported to have told his intimates —and I think it is true—that the N.R.A. is at the crossroads, that it will either go through now or bust up, and that he intends to find out which without any more hemming and hawing. Certainly he conveys the impression of feeling that he has done all a man could do for industry and of believing that industry has not measured up to expectations. He is said to feel the time has come to put the pincers on.

The situation has developed into a question of life or death for Johnson's organization. For the country it is a choice between N.R.A. and C.W.A. Feeling this way, and despite his placating gestures toward his business friends, there is but one logical place for the General: the labor side. The more intelligent of the industrial leaders sensed that situation very quickly and the entire business element is now saturated with the idea that the showdown is close at hand and that if industry is to retain its independence and "keep free from domination by labor unions," it will have to fight as it has never fought before. It is really extraordinary with what speed the business world has been stirred to solidarity on this matter. Those who come in here from New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago and even farther West, all suddenly sing the same tune, the words to which are: "Well, the fight has to come in the end, and the sooner we go to the mat with them the better." The thought back of this is that the administration, allied with the A.F. of L., is determined to impose abhorrent and intolerable conditions upon industry. Most of them are extremely cloudy as to what these conditions will be and are entirely vague as to whether they can be complied with. The general idea is that the stage has been reached where the employers of labor have their backs to the wall and must "battle for their rights."

Such is the word that has been passed down the line, and the gentlemanly business men who, a while back, were so enthusiastically coöperating with the N.R.A., are now fighting mad about its alleged change of front. Of course, there is sufficient power in the administration, if it chooses to use it, to take the fight out of them—or at least so it seems to me. The question is whether there are guts enough here to use it. I don't know. At the moment the disposition is to go ahead, but, as in the past, "wiser counsels" may prevail. The argument is that such a course would precipitate chaos, that it would array business solidly against the President, that it would close factories and result in more, not less, unemployment. Perhaps so. Who can tell? The one thing that seems certain is that the administration has to find out. It can't sit still and let things drift. It has to make the effort to have industry absorb a large part of the unemployment now being cared for by federal funds. It may not be possible to force industry to do this. It may be industry simply can't do it. But the effort has to be made, because there is no choice. The alternative seems to be the assumption of a burden by the government that will eventually break its back, and that of the county, state and municipal governments also.

At bottom, this relief problem is the most appalling and potentially dangerous of them all, and there is not a thoughtful man here, in Congress or out, who does not know it. It is, however, the last thing they want to face frankly. Most of them do not even like to talk about it openly. This disinclination has been noted in the White House itself, all of which, in my infirm judgment, is a mistake. Take every one of the New Deal policies, all of the Roosevelt experiments, each of the issues that have arisen, including the extremely important one of which I treat in this article—and they all come back to this problem of federal relief for the unemployed. It is the truly basic question, though there is a tendency upon the part of some here to forget it and of others just to ignore it. The steady growth of the relief rolls, despite business improvement, is the real menace today and it is intensely stupid not to face the reality.

Despite the cheerful February figures of increases in pay rolls and in employment given out by Secretary of Labor Perkins—which caused so much administration optimism—despite this, the number of families receiving government funds in one form or another for subsistence is far greater now than it was a year ago, or at any time during the year. This isn't recovery; this isn't success; this is something to give pause to the most optimistic of our new leaders: it is a situation that saps the life of the nation, and will, if allowed to continue indefinitely, ultimately destroy it. I do not wonder the fainter hearts among the New Dealers do not want to discuss it, but it is not right and it is not intelligent to be casual about either the facts or their implications.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Other People's Money

Whittled Down to Whitney—Making the Most of Margin Mix-ups—Allies for Villainy —Sweating to Swat

I HAVE never seen more viciously false propaganda than is being used by the New York Stock Exchange to defeat the Fletcher-Reyburn Bill to regulate stock exchanges. When the original bill was introduced, Richard Whitney, realizing the weakness of the Stock Exchange with the public, immediately attempted to array, and succeeded in arraying, against the bill other elements in the nation—banks, particularly small banks, executives of business corporations and investors. This he did by a series of pretensions that completely fooled these elements.

First he convinced the bankers that, if the bill passed, banks could not lend money on securities except on the same margins permitted to stockbrokers. That is, they could lend only 40 percent of the market price and nothing at all on unlisted securities. Then he convinced corporation executives—in many cases "half-willing to be pressed"—that the bill would subject them to control of the Federal Trade Commission and furthermore force them to spend several hundreds of thousands of dollars every year to furnish certified audits. Then he frightened investors, who have already seen their shares sadly reduced in price, by convincing them that if the bill were passed there would be a disorderly dumping of securities on the market and a panic in prices.

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All this was then supplemented by interviews in newspapers all over the country with local business magnates denouncing the bill as going too far and imperiling recovery. These were arranged by the local brokers and stoutly supported by editorials in the local papers. It is unnecessary to discuss these various objections to the bill, for now there is a revised draft that has clarified many clauses and even eliminated others on which these various objections were based. But Whitney is again on the job; and I have no doubt, with the aid of the local magnates and the local newspapers, he is meeting some success. In view of this the following statements ought to be made in the interest of the simple truth:

First, there is not a line in that bill to interfere with any bank's lending on securities on any margin it chooses, however unsafe. If you have a loan at a bank on a government bond or any sort of bond or any sort of stock, listed or unlisted, of a national or local corporation, you will not have to sell it, nor will the bank force you to sell it because you are called upon to put up more margin. The Stock Exchange statements to this effect are simply false and made for the purpose of deceiving the country.

Second, if you are a corporation executive, you ought to know that the provision requiring the furnishing of quarterly audited statements has been eliminated. Instead, the listed corporation must furnish only a yearly audited statement and every such corporation has its books audited once a year anyhow. In addition, the Commission may require quarterly or monthly statements, but not audited ones, and this is already furnished stockholders by many of the better class of corporations. The rule will not apply to unlisted corporations at all.

Third, the pretension that stocks will have to be dumped on the market because of the new margin requirements is also false. Whitney's statements on this point are an unworthy and outrageous attempt to produce a panic in order to save the racket of the Stock Exchange. Every citizen ought to know that under the revised bill not one single existing account in a broker's office will have to be closed out, as regards existing operations, because of the new margin requirements. These do not apply to existing loans on stocks until 1939. Furthermore, under the flexible provisions of the margin requirements, margins to be demanded on new loans will not be very different from those now in force, and in many cases will be even lower. I do not favor this provision. I think it is ridiculous and indefensible. But it is in the bill and, being there, actually permits at the present time liberal margins on the most active stocks and even more liberal ones on less active ones. For instance, margin requirements under the bill are 60 percent. But brokers may lend up to 100 percent of the lowest price quoted within the last three years, though this lowest price must be computed on the lowest price attained since July 1, 1933, and the loan cannot be more than 75 percent of the current market price. This is a little complicated. But in essence it means that at the present time, for all practical purposes, the required margin can be as little as 25 percent.

For instance, under the bill, if you were to buy a share of stock of A.T. and T., you could borrow from your broker 40 percent of the market price, $46.80; or he could lend 100 percent of the lowest price at which the stock has sold since July 1, 1933 ($107), provided this figure were not in excess of 75 percent of the present market price, which would mean that he could lend you $87.75. As matters now stand, without the bill, under the Stock Exchange rules, the broker could lend you only $78 if you were a small buyer, or $87.75 if you were a large one. Right or wrong, this is in the bill and completely negatives Mr. Whitney's suggestion that there would be a panicky dumping of stocks if the bill passes.

The simple truth is that the bill is not a drastic bill at all. Of course the Exchange wants to defeat it, because it wants no regulation, even in principle, and because there are other provisions in the bill that would force certain changes in members' methods, which would be inconvenient, but which would not seriously interfere with their carrying on their old racket.

And I want to repeat again that the Exchange has found valiant allies in the Treasury and Commerce Departments. Whenever any really New Deal legislation is introduced —I do not mean fake New Deal legislation like the N.R.A.—there is always to be found bobbing up in the proper department and at the strategic position an Old Dealer of some sort in a position of responsibility and power to swat the plan.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Israel Over Europe

THE MUSHROOM power in Europe of a banking system sets the stage for Arliss' new film: "The House of Rothschild," written by Nunnally Johnson, produced by Darryl F. Zanuck, and presently on view in New York at the Astor Theatre. Go, says the father of four brothers after having outlined to them an international-credit plan and the status of the Jews, Go, put money in thy purse. So the House is founded, grows, finances the opposition to Napoleon in the interests of humanity. Under the shrewd command of Nathan, its head, and by means of holding all the moneybags, it leads the solemn Ministers to a proper appreciation of peace (but *cf.* the Treaty of Vienna), wins a certain ephemeral tolerance for the Jews, and the picture closes on a chord of splendor, hope and good will (as if bigotry and philistine smugness could ever be abated by anything bearing less than 4 percent). The historical part of it is convincing enough, however—if you can overlook the usual idealization and imagine Talleyrand, Metternich and all sitting in council like so many loaves of pound cake.

The pattern in general, while it is given more sweep and an all-too-real basis in the tragic position of Rothschild's people, reminds one strongly of "Disraeli"; and from Arliss' point of view this is a little too bad. The command in his slight stooping figure, the damn-your-eyes rake of his plug hat, his neatly poured scorn, his quizzical eyebrow and all of that, are featured again at some danger to his reputation among those who, imagining that acting is virtuosity and that fastidious clichés about line, sonority and a style will get them over the fence, report to you that Arliss was oh quite decent and no doubt a superior person, but rather—well—rather Arliss. As if you might have expected him to pop out as Clara Bow for a change.

It is true that the man has a distinct and rather special

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individuality, and has to get parts that will be congruous to it. But once he has got himself a sympathetic role, you perceive, he is able to become a central and dominating figure; and convinces, as any fine actor must convince, by virtue of certain inner strengths and a developed manner of giving them expression. For mannerisms will suffice to build what is called a character part: they will not make character. If a man is wide enough and high enough to make a good Hamlet, then as Hamlet he rings the bell, and any insistence that he would not quite do as Othello is of a kidney with regretting Mae West because she is Mae West and would show to small advantage in "The Blue Bird." Arliss was given some rather too highty-tighty lines here; he dragged in a superfluous human touch or two, and seemed to wear just a shade thin at the highest points. But I should be niggardly to boggle and hedge in admitting that he has done a real and striking piece of work, and made the picture a good one.

Some of Alfred Werker's direction of it I found rather unusual, particularly his eighteenth-century ghetto, the pogrom scenes and an occasional understatement or touch of insight. Also a sprig of laurel for C. Aubrey Smith's Wellington, a part that was rough and bristly and warm and good to watch. Otherwise the cast, which included Boris Karloff, was either sufficing or (as in the case of the young lovers, Loretta and Robert Young) a bit unnecessary.

For this much Hollywood may take to itself a posie after all these weeks of mediocrity or worse—and may quickly return it again for its complicity in "George White's Scandals," featuring Rudy Vallee. That the film also features Jimmie Durante and (though slightly) Gregory Ratoff is not enough to cancel the effect of Rudy Vallee and "George White's Scandals," which is compact of the usual run-of-the-sewer show tricks, all of them drawn thin with relentless heavy-handedness. You get perhaps ten good minutes, some of which may be credited to Durante and the rest to oversight. . . . "The Quitter," much less advertised, is just conventional enough in theme and treatment to become hilariously awful in the hands of freshwater dramatic Groups; but manages to save itself thanks largely to Emma Dunn, whose quiet violation of the stock mother idea is fairly worth seeing. For which we might, I suppose, let Hollywood have another sniff at the posie.

O. C. F.

CORRESPONDENCE

About Indoctrination

SIR: The review of "Red Medicine" in your issue of March 7 closes with these urbane words: "They refer very simply—and it is a complete answer to most 'liberal' objections to Soviet Russia—to the training of youth in civic philosophy 'which, Russia being a communist state, is naturally communism.'" And there you are.

Since Russia is a communist state, all expressions of opinion, whether in the press, the shop or the schoolroom, that run counter to communist philosophy must be suppressed. I presume, on the same theory, America is a capitalist state; therefore, all expressions of opinion, whether in the press, the shop or the schoolroom, that run counter to capitalist philosophy must be suppressed.

Some of us deluded liberals still have a notion (naïve and childlike, I will admit, in this age of worship of Hitler, Lenin and Mussolini) that while every civilization, naturally, seeks to educate its youth in its dominant economic and social philosophy, a minimum of democracy also insists that other viewpoints should be tolerated, and that, above all, children in the schools should be permitted access to other forms of thought. Some of us have a naïve idea that the best way to preserve any order of society is to permit a certain amount of wholesome criticism. That order of society which cuts off all criticism has already planted the seeds of its own destruction.

New Orleans, La. DAVID FICHMAN.

The Keymen of America

SIR: Max Eastman ["Against the Marxian Dialectic," The New Republic, February 21], in hanging on to the aura of Marxism when what he really wants to be is a modern social engineer, is making the same mistake that Karl Marx made when he tried to drag Hegel's dialectic, a purely philosophic concept, into his materialist conception of history—which proclaimed, but in the light of modern usage did not achieve the scientific method.

The road to freedom has been beaten from devious paths. The people of Europe, harassed and oppressed for centuries, could only call their souls their own in an ideal world, a world of fantasy, which, in meager minds, took the form of revealed religion, in more agile minds produced philosophic speculation. Hence the dialectic of Hegel, deriving from the classics, opposed to the real and the vulgar; hence, also, the dialectic of Marx, which he himself described as Hegel's "turned upside down." It was inevitable that Marx should use metaphysical argumentative methods in speaking to Europeans, conditioned as they were in idealistic attitudes, even while he was begging them to abandon speculation for positivism. It was equally inevitable that Lenin should argue with Marxists in Marxian phrases, while *in action* he repudiated one Marxist dictum after another. Lenin's progress was a succession of brilliant Marxist heresies. If you don't believe it, read his Marxian contemporaries. Neither Marxist phrases nor Marxist tactics have proved successful in the United States.

America was peopled by adventurous Europeans who were determined to hack out some sort of freedom in a material wilderness. And there is still enough play for vigorous will on this continent to prohibit preoccupation with fantasy as a national characteristic. We are mechanics rather than philosophers. We do not speculate; we do; we engineer. That is why Marxian dialectic sounds so funny to American working men. It is equally amusing to a scientist. An argumentative method has little potency with facts, and still less with fact-loving Yankees!

The situation is indeed gravely critical. The most astute statistics show that we are speeding toward social disaster. This thing is so imminent and fast-moving that the blind groupings of proletarian will cannot possibly cope with it. What is needed is organized technical planning on a magnificent scale, which neither Marxian insurrection or Fascist reactionism is capable of supplying fast enough to meet the emergency. . . .

The situation in Russia was extremely simple, since the vast bulk of the Russian people, inured to a frugal but autonomous economy, were independent of service functions. Our public services could probably be kept running by less than 500,000 engineers and technical tradesmen. These are the keymen in America, just as the numerically insignificant factory workers were the keymen in Russia before the overthrow of the Tsar. Lenin concentrated his energies on a comparatively small group of the population because they could be most easily and efficiently organized. But organizing these keymen of America would be Marxist heresy! It would not fit into the dialectic pattern of the class struggle.

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Herman Simpson, by so perfectly revealing scientific limitations of the Marxian mind, makes it obvious that Max Eastman had better take his leg off that other horse.

New York City. EGMONT HEGEL ARENS.

Mexican Artists Against Rockefeller

SIR: The undersigned, Mexican artists, and I, Diego Rivera, thank the North American workers and artists who have protested against the destruction of the murals at Radio City because they understand the importance of this crime. This act of sympathy deserves our fullest gratitude.

At the same time, we protest indignantly and energetically against the stupid interpretation which has been placed upon the words of Diego Rivera, words which pointed out the importance of finishing the fresco at Radio City and his decision that it would be preferable to destroy it rather than have his conception mutilated. The unfair interpretation which the Rockefellers made of this was that Diego Rivera thereby authorized the destruction of the work.

We also protest against the attitude of those painters who, satisfied with the explanation given by the capitalistic Rockefellers to clear themselves, brought their paintings back to the Municipal Art Exhibition at Radio City after having first withdrawn them.

And, above all, we protest because the Rockefellers, not content with the destruction of the fresco, seek to conceal Rivera's purpose by taking refuge behind a deceitful interpretation of his words.

As a matter of simple justice and in the name of civilization, we ask the establishment of a legal guarantee to protect creative works of art dealing with collectivism, even though they are actually owned by the capitalists who paid for them.

We understand a work of art to be anything useful to human beings who are producers, and anything helpful in the progress toward a collectivized society, that being the goal of our struggle. Likewise, we understand by useless or false art that which creates in men's minds the opposite effect, which is to say, anything which subordinates mass welfare to the private interests of those who hold the money power.

In like manner, morphine and cocaine, which were developed in order that man might benefit by their curative qualities, have been perverted by the vicious practices of capitalism into poisons for the human race.

Mexico, D. F. [SIGNATURES]

[This letter was personally signed by eighty-three prominent Mexican painters, writers, lawyers, physicians and scientists. Lack of space prevents the printing of their names.—THE EDITORS.]

Publishers Take Notice

SIR: I am happy, and not surprised, to find a poem by Stephen Spender in The New Republic [March 7]. I should like to ask why some American publisher has not yet imported sheets of this young British poet's "Poems," recently issued by Faber and Faber abroad. It is now clear to quite a few people that this modest-looking volume is an outstanding event in our wretched century: a clean, rebellious note in an otherwise plodding society. . . .

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Briffault on Breasted

SIR: Now that Robert Briffault has told us what he has read about Egypt [The New Republic, February 14], would it not be well to let your readers have a review of Dr. Breasted's "The Dawn of Conscience"?

Those of us who have read Breasted have come to expect a careful probing, as well as an excellent presentation of the material in hand; and even an ordinary knowledge of the ethical and moral principles of the ancient Egyptians and the spiritual significance of their wisdom inclines one to the conviction that this conscientious student has set down something in his book that is worth an adequate comment.

Moreover we have the word of Weigall that the creed of Akhnaton (B. C. 1375 to 1358) "is the isolated prototype of the religion of Jesus," and that his concept of the unity of the godhead came first in the annals of human thought. Does not a treatise from the pen of James H. Breasted, embodying a discussion of the development of conscience in the country that produced this amazing personality, demand something more and better than your reviewer has given us?

BLANCHE WATSON.

New York City.

P. S. May I add that the review by Robert Cantwell in the same issue seems to me a fine example of what a review ought to be.

Extracts from Letters

FROM the New School for Social Research, 66 West Twelfth Street, New York City, we have received word of a series of five more Friday evening symposia on the Soviet Union to take place at the New School. The speakers will be Charles Stuart, Charles A. Gill, Marcus Nadler, Jules Bogen, S. A. Trone, General Victor Yakhontoff, George S. Counts, Heber Harper and Vera Dean.

Clarence Randall Miller of New Orleans writes us in defense of Huey Long. Long, he says, is no socialist, is in fact a demagogue whose suggestions are without economic merit. "But at the same time Long has developed a (sort of) class consciousness in the hearts of thousands that we as Marxists could never have reached. If we are wise and tactful in not condemning or ridiculing their little tin god, we can take hold where he left off. In a bourgeois society, he actually did considerable to advance cultural levels in Louisiana—in the way of schools, hospitals, free books, etc."

The International Labor Defense urges attention to the case of Angelo Herndon, a young Negro imprisoned in Fulton Tower Prison, Georgia, on an eighteen to twenty-year sentence under a pre-Civil War anti-insurrection statute. The I. L. D. declares that Herndon is systematically tortured in prison, that his cell is fiendishly unhealthy and that every attempt is made to encourage him to die of "natural causes." "The I. L. D. has written to the Governor, prison commissioner, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, and to the warden of Fulton Tower protesting against the torture of Herndon in prison. Copies of these letters were sent to the Atlanta papers, with a request that the prison conditions be investigated, but nothing has resulted."

The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom informs us of the imprisonment in Vienna of Emmy Freundlich, Socialist member of the Austrian Parliament and president of the International Coöperative Women's Guilds. The League suggests that pressure be brought to bear for her release by letters to the Austrian Legation, 2343 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C., and by protests to American Senators and Representatives.

The Drama League Travel Bureau, through its director, Miss Helen Ravitch, announces that it has at its disposal scholarships covering full tuition for the six weeks' summer session at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London. These scholarships are primarily intended for students in literary and drama study. Application blanks may be obtained by addressing the League, Hotel Barbizon Plaza, New York City.

We have received the following from Mr. Ordway Tead: "The second Summer Institute for Social Progress at Wellesley will be held from July 7 to 21, 1934. The purpose of these conferences is to bring together thoughtful representatives of different groups in the national community—business men, labor representatives, molders of public opinion in all sorts of groups—for untrammeled, nonpartisan discussion of current economic problems. This year the central theme will be 'The Role of Government in Our Economic Life.' We shall be glad to correspond with individuals who may be interested to consider applying for membership in this summer's Institute. Communications should be addressed to Miss Ruth Hazen, Room 1112, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

We Ask for Bread

IN AN article in the January Atlantic Monthly, Mr. B. F. Skinner contributes an analysis of Miss Gertrude Stein's work—or rather, of that part of it which has made her famous, the Gertrude Stein of "Tender Buttons," "Geography" and of "The Making of Americans"[1]—which, one suspects, Miss Stein must find somewhat embarrassing. Following down a reference in "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," Mr. Skinner has unearthed an undergraduate paper in psychology (published in The Harvard Psychological Review) in which, describing experiments in "spontaneous automatic writing," Miss Stein quotes specimens of such writing: and these specimens are startlingly like the "style" which was to be her great gift to the world a decade or so later. Miss Stein herself, in the "Autobiography," refers to these as a "method of writing" to be afterwards developed in "Three Lives" and "The Making of Americans"; but she is also at pains to assert that she "never had subconscious reactions, nor was she a successful subject for automatic writing." Mr. Skinner points out the obvious inconsistency. The early treatise proves quite completely that she *had* had subconscious reactions, and *had* been successful in automatic writing: and the resemblance of the later style to the earlier suggests pretty convincingly that in "Tender Buttons" and "The Making of Americans" she was "developing" it only in the sense of—to use her own favorite word—"repeating."

Mr. Skinner very tactfully concludes that when Miss Stein began, about 1912, to make a principle of what had really been an accident, she had simply forgotten, or chosen to forget, the origins of the thing. Whether we agree with him or not, the discovery is certainly an awkward one. For nearly twenty years we have been sedulously taught, by the highbrow critics, the literary left-wingers and all the masters of the subtler schools, that in Miss Stein's work we were witnessing a bold and intricate and revolutionary and always *consciously* radical experiment in style, of which the results were to be of incalculable importance for English literature. Like the splitting of the atom, or the theory of relativity, Miss Stein's destruction of meaning was inevitably going to change, if not the world, at any rate the word. By a systematic dislocation of "affects," we were to get a revivification of word, rhythm, style and meaning. From the Paris laboratory came breathless rumors of the work in progress. Distinguished authors attended the experiments and came away impressed: the influence began to spread: Mr. Van Vechten praised, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Hemingway imitated, the Sitwells took notes. Mr. Joyce was attentive—even the cautious Mr. Eliot opened the pages of The Criterion to this new phenomenon, though he as quickly closed them again. In short, the thing was the very finest sort of literary Inside Tip. Not to believe was simply not to belong.

In the light of which, Mr. Skinner's article makes of the whole thing a very cruel joke. What becomes of all this precise and detached and scientific experimentation with rhythm and meaning if, after all, it has been nothing on earth but automatic writing? Is it merely one more instance of the emperor's new clothes? Have we been duped, and has Miss Stein herself, perhaps, been duped? It looks very like it—though of course it is not impossible that Miss Stein has been pulling our legs. That she can write well, even brilliantly, when she wants to, she has amply proved. "Melanctha," an early story, is a little masterpiece, but perfectly orthodox. The "Autobiography" is a witty and delightful book, again perfectly orthodox—which makes one speculate slyly as to why, at this late date, in giving us her self-portrait, she should thus abruptly abandon the subtler communicativeness of her mature "style" for a method simpler and—shall we say—more effective. Is it a concession? Is it a confession?

There remains, however, the unpleasant little problem of the more purely "automatic" books, of which "The Making of Americans" is a very good example. M. Bernard Faÿ contributes a magnificently eulogistic preface—he could hardly say more if he were prefacing the collected works of Shakespeare. Scarcely less favorable in her opinion is Miss Stein herself, who, in the "Autobiography," refers to it as that "monumental work which was the beginning, really the beginning, of modern writing." Reassuring, also, is Miss Stein's graceful acknowledgment of Henry James as her only real forerunner. But despite a considerable charm in the opening pages (which were written when Miss Stein was an undergraduate, and for a course in composition), and a clear enough emergence, here and there, of scene and character (notably the two dressmakers), the book can only be described as a fantastic sort of disaster. If there is a maximum in unreadability, "The Making of Americans" falls short of it only by the several hundred pages which, apparently, M. Faÿ has omitted from this abridged edition. In an attempt to restrict herself to the use of only the simplest words (for no matter how complicated a psychological statement), Miss Stein falls into a tireless and inert repetitiveness which becomes as stupefying as it is unintelligible. The famous "subtlety of rhythm" simply is not there: one could better find it in a tom-tom. The phrasing is almost completely unsensory, flat and colorless—or, as Mr. Skinner admirably puts it, cold. The abuse of the present participle, in a direct but perhaps simple-minded assault on "presentness," amounts in the end to linguistic murder.

In short, the book is a complete esthetic miscalculation: it is dull; and although what it seeks to communicate is interesting, the cumbersomeness of the method defeats its own end. The analysis of human types is sometimes exceedingly acute—if one has the patience to worry it out—but as here presented it sounds as if someone had attempted to paraphrase Jung's "Psychological Types" in basic English. The attempt sometimes leads Miss Stein into unintentional comedy. She is presumably making merely a *psychological* statement when she says, "She had very little bottom to her, she had a little sensitive bottom to her enough to give a pleasant sweetness to her."

It remains to say that the book is a miracle of proofreading. How the compositor could keep his eye on the right word, the right phrase, in the gradually mounting whirlwind of repetition, or the proofreader keep accurate count of the interminable series of identical statements, without falling asleep, or, on waking, find his way to the bright particular word again, transcends understanding. Merely to think of it is almost to die of exhaustion.

CONRAD AIKEN.

[1] The Making of Americans, by Gertrude Stein. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

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The Business of a Novelist

The Shadow Before, by William Rollins, Jr. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

THE BUSINESS of a novelist is, in my opinion, to create characters first and foremost, and then to set them in the snarl of the human currents of his time, so that there results an accurate permanent record of a phase of history. Everything in a novel that doesn't work towards these aims is superfluous or, at best, innocent day-dreaming. If the novelist really creates characters that are alive, the rest follows by implication. A record of his time is fairly easy to establish for any writer with the knack of honest observation and a certain amount of narrative skill. It's the invention of characters, which is work of an entirely different order from the jotting down of true-to-life silhouettes and sketches of people, that sets the novelist apart from the story-teller or commentator. We have published in this country in the last fifteen years a good deal of excellent narrative writing and a number of fairly truthful stories, but the whole direction of American life tends so towards emphasis on the function of a person or event rather than on the person or on the event, that, in spite of all the gabble from college professors, editors and politicians about individualism, we hardly ever create in our fiction living and rounded characters. We do the snapshot, the silhouette, the true-to-life spittin' image very well, but that is as different from the real invention of a personality out of the tangle of functions, sense reactions, memories, habits that are observable in the people we know, as a photograph is different from the person photographed.

I suppose Henry James was the American writer who most concerned himself with the creation of characters, but he suffered so from New England obsessions and from the fear of the flesh out of which people are made that his characters are dim (though accurate) diagrams of frustrations. In "The Shadow Before," William Rollins has taken these obsessed frustrations, clothed them with flesh, placed them in the battle of their time and described them with a horrified gusto for suffering, hysterical, enjoying, nightmare-ridden man that is in the great line of Dostoevsky and Dickens. "The Shadow Before" is not a book about a textile strike; it is the living invention of certain people undergoing a textile strike. The strike, the town, the social struggle, are real and profoundly moving because the people are real, not the other way round, as is usual in novels describing topical events.

Harry Baumann, crazy with money and racial hypersensitiveness, the gutted New England family of the Thayers, Ramon the pushing immigrant, Lawrence Marvin the so completely American labor leader, Doucet the Canuck mill-hand, Micky, Olsen the bobbin boy, are intimately, bitterly, tenderly, hysterically created. You know them as if you'd lived with them in the same boarding house, worked in the same office or shop with them, gone to school with them. Things about them haunt your memory as they do about people you've known intimately in your own life, like the smell of the boy who sat next to you in class, his expression when he picked his nose, the slight cast or the twinkle in a friend's eye, the feel of somebody's handshake or of some kid's biceps when you roughhoused with him at recess. I don't know any recent book that brings you into such chokingly close contact with the people in it. Reading it you feel towards them the changing teetering balance of love and hate, attraction and repulsion, you feel for real people you know and meet every day.

This vivid, alive material, so full of sentimental pulsation, is organized almost like a piece of music. The wording appeals continually to the ear, so that your head becomes full of the throb; *thump* of the looms that fills the huge low buildings of the textile mills, and the lives of the people who work in them from bobbin boy to engineer and foreman. When you've read it you've been through a strike.

It's no use describing it. "The Shadow Before" is a first-rate novel; the thing to do is to read it.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

What Is "National Interest"?

The Idea of National Interest, by Charles A. Beard, with the collaboration of G. H. E. Smith.. New York: The Macmillan Company. 592 pages. $3.75.

RESUMING his well established function of exposing the realities and the illusions underlying popular phrases and formulas, Dr. Beard has now taken under his penetrating eye the phrase "national interest" when used as an explanation or justification of American foreign policy. Rejecting the assumption that all political motivation is economic, he has been tempted by Perla's analysis of the rationalization called "national honor" to investigate in turn the meaning attributed by its American spokesmen to the symbol "national interest." He draws on a vast store of historical knowledge and current information to illustrate his apparent conclusion that the term, although carrying a high potential, is at best ambiguous and chameleonic, has meant different things to different men, parties and administrations, and that the results achieved in reliance upon it have often been directly contrary to the general welfare of the American people as a whole.

The present study is: (1) an exposition of the facts and data of American history, in the light of party aims and politics, so far as they are reflected in foreign affairs, (2) an analysis of the expansion of the United States, territorial, commercial and financial, with (3) an examination of the supporting policies of recent administrations, especially from that of Theodore Roosevelt down to the present New Deal. The whole panorama is displayed, with emphasis upon the justifications advanced for the fluctuating policy of expansion or ephemeral contraction as the special exigencies of home politics, changes of administration and moral considerations induced political action. This compendious volume of facts, quotations and opinions identifying and interpreting what has been called the "national interest" is to be followed by another seeking "a consistent and tenable philosophy of national interest."

Although Dr. Beard quotes a recent Secretary of State as saying "Public policies are not abstractions," and himself suggests that "the personalities that formulate policies are not momentary appearances," it is submitted that many policies and personalities are but little else, and that in pursuit of an abstraction like "making the world safe for democracy" one can arouse in the American people more readiness for immolation, ill advised and otherwise, than by any rational justification for political conduct. "The national foible for grandiloquent sentimentality," as Huntington Wilson once put it, marks a generous yet gullible people, an easy prey for interested propaganda. Possibly this weakness has become a pivot of diplomacy for foreign countries. The abduction of the Kellogg Pact from its original purpose to one quite different, calculated to bring us again to the side of certain European belligerents, is both illuminating and significant. In Dr. Beard's comple-

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mentary volume a section might be devoted to the effect of hysteria on foreign policy. Administrations of several countries have been known to talk themselves into irretrievable mistakes, for which the nation has had to pay in blood and treasure. The drift into war, like the drift into inflation, becomes an implied admission of helplessness, impotence and ineptitude. Emotional phrases must then be invented to cover up the blunder.

Dr. Beard's principal thesis presents the idea of American "national interest" as in the main a historical development of the antithesis between (a) the Hamiltonian Federalist-Whig-Republican conception of territorial expansion overseas, aggressive development of foreign trade and investment, with high tariffs limiting imports—all assisted by a large navy—and (b) the Jeffersonian agricultural economy, seeking continental expansion only, low tariffs and a small navy. In more modern times, through the manufacturing interests of the South and urban Democrats in the East, the difference has been largely dissipated, and the agrarian influence in both parties has sought to limit foreign political commitments. But on the whole the dynamic impulses of foreign policy are treated in reference to this traditional framework. Even if the analogy is occasionally tenuous, the thesis is nevertheless striking. In and out of the drama runs the subsidiary theme that the *Machtpolitik* of the Federalist has been intermittently revived, mainly by Republican administrations, and that it accounts for the unhappy rivalries in which the United States now finds itself, driven to the adoption of an overwhelming navy, committed to the further search for foreign markets while not yet willing to accept payment for overdue and current account in goods or services, and facing difficulties wholly in conflict with any possible welfare of the American people. The Americans Perry and Mahan, the British Admirals, Bernhardi and Banse, and even Theodore Roosevelt, all talk much the same language. Theodore Roosevelt thought it a good thing for the "moral fiber" of the nation to have an occasional war, provided it was a righteous war; it may be inferred that in characterizing *his* wars, he was hardly assailed by doubts. "National destiny" affords a treacherous quagmire.

National interest, a comparatively modern term, as Dr. Beards points out, has evolved from the older dynastic aims to the modern "middle-class" or "trade" conception of national advantage (prosperity), which in turn has brought about ebullient military and naval policies (for security) and territorial and commercial expansion, including investment abroad of what is called the financial surplus—then in 1929, having become topheavy, the structure collapsed. National interest represents not a single notion, but varying ideologies, depending upon the interpreter of the moment. Even in the same administration there are so many interpreters, from the President through the Executive Departments to House and Senate, that it is hard to expect a consistent view of national interest to emerge. Some Presidents have backed the American trader or investor abroad with more determination than others, but it is probable that the alleged distinction between the dollar diplomacy of the Taft administration and the supposedly humanitarian yet capricious diplomacy of the Wilson administration is more verbal than genuine. Probably the former was less costly and more constructive. When moral considerations are invoked in support of policy, as in the case of the war against Spain —in which practically every European nation considered the United States an "aggressor"—in the acquisition of the Philippines and in the entrance into the European War, it is difficult to tell whether the adventure is constructive or destructive until it has reached its end and the gains and losses can be balanced. And whether the supporting rationalization be characterized as inspiration, auto-suggestion, hypocrisy, cant or merely ignorance depends a good deal on the sincerity of the directing statesmen, on the subsequent devotion to trusteeship or exploitation, or on empirical considerations justifying the risk. On the whole, the American record, puritanically inhibited, compares favorably with that of other empires. One of the best chapters in the book deals with "moral obligation" as a pivot of diplomacy. (Note 112 on page 469 contains a slip; for "and" read "as distinguished from.")

With great skill, Dr. Beard follows the thread of American politics and naval policy in support of foreign trade. The old theory that trade would take a "natural course" was given little chance for test, for all the nations have sought since the late nineteenth century to win as much of it as they could. When high tariffs complicated the problem, trade became a major stake of diplomacy and all the engines of the state were enlisted in its behalf. The struggle was directly reflected in naval policy, and underlay the war between Great Britain and Germany. Competition may be both the life and the death of trade, if developed as a national policy. In tracing the American contribution to this expansive effort, Dr. Beard presents two well packed chapters on the American stake abroad, on Capital and Current Account. Considering the great changes in manufacturing and industrial economy throughout the world, Dr. Beard is inclined to question whether the American effort has really been in the general public interest, and whether the price paid for special benefit received, if any, has not been too high. He thinks that the late crash has demonstrated its fundamental weakness; and now the country faces the question whether a cultivated high-tariff self-sufficiency with limited production, or a reciprocal low-tariff trade policy, or a selected compromise, as Secretary Wallace suggests, is the wisest policy in the interests of the greatest number. And the witches' cauldron brewed in Europe by the most unwise of treaties, making economic and political war a quasi-permanent instrument of national policy, hardly helps a rational escape from the dilemma. Dr. Beard's valuable book should stimulate national interest in these interrelated problems.

EDWIN BORCHARD.

Glory Is Not Enough

Soldiers What Next! by Katherine Mayo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 584 pages. $3.75.

AS KATHERINE MAYO remembers the A.E.F., we were "a great army that had dreamed dreams." And when we were demobilized in baggy O. D. uniforms and $60 apiece, we needed most "one strong leader" who would arise and call out to us, "Come work twenty-five hours a day, with no pay, no thanks, plenty of hardship and no renown—come work yourselves to an unknown death, not for yourselves, but for the sake of the true America and the Light that Shone Over the Top."

But no great leader arose. After the War we looked for jobs which many of us were unable to find. And worse than that we had to hide "things away in our own heart[s] —sacred things, precious things that we could not bear the [Charles G.?] daws to peck at." And, "It all hurt—Heavens! how it hurt!" And since it all hurt so and no great leader arose we fell prey to the Legion Lobby, became greedy and began yelling for compensation and a bonus.

Now there is some truth in all this farrago of vicious

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nonsense. Miss Mayo is correct, I believe, in charging the Legion, in contradistinction to the individual ex-service man, with agitating for compensation and the bonus. Many of us did fall prey to the Legion Lobby and endorsed its demands. But others among us noticed the double-barreled program of the Legion, the first target being the bonus, the second, the "100-percent Americanism" phrase in the Legion constitution which members are sworn to support and which the Legion leaders have habitually interpreted to mean strikebreaking, playing the scab and beating up small gatherings of radicals.

Miss Mayo very kindly endows us of those days with a spirituality in which money was no consideration. And this generosity of hers we may have deserved. At least this much must be said of us, that under a government in which wealth is conscripted along with lives the spectacle of a bonus march would have been unthinkable. But we soon discovered we were not living under such a government. We found that men who declared that if clerks and workers should be drafted, wealth should be drafted also, were sent to jail. Gradually it came to our attention that the government had permitted the capitalists to collect some $30,000,000,000 of super-profits during the War.

Obviously, to gain soldier support of such a government, some sort of bribe had to be offered. Those service bars, those battle clasps, those Orders of the Purple Heart which the War Department has been doling out of late, were not enough, no matter how proud Miss Mayo thinks they should have made us. Without jobs, sick, wounded, many of us needed money. And money, in the shape of compensation, vocational training and the bonus, was promised us by the Legion.

Undoubtedly, this became a racket. And though an attack upon it merely adds to the general confusion, Miss Mayo has every right to make that attack. But Miss Mayo is not content to expose the Legion's successful efforts "to grind the pension mill." Her real theme, announced time after time in the six hundred pages of this book, is that the ex-soldier needed, and still needs, A Leader. It is not enough that the Legion leaders step with such effortless ease into governmental offices. We must submit to a man who will "rekindle the Light that Shone Over the Top" and maintain "the eternal flame on the altar."

And what kind of spurred demagogue would Miss Mayo saddle us with? While her answer is not precise, we may at least infer the kind of a man she would approve of from the fanfare she sounds for each of her St. Georges, especially the last two, who have slaughtered the dragon of bonus seekers: (1) Grover Cleveland, who, incidentally, sent federal troops into Illinois to kill Pullman strikers; (2) Warren G. Harding, one of whose many forgotten Cabinet members sold the Navy's oil supply to E. L. Doheny and Harry Sinclair; (3) Andrew Mellon, a billionaire patriot in the World War; (4) Herbert Hoover, who ordered the attack with bayonets, fire and tear-gas bombs upon a few hungry men, women and children; (5) Lewis Douglas, director of Roosevelt's present billion-and-a-half-dollar war budget; (6) Franz Seldte, the German chemical-factory owner who organized the Steel Helmets and is now, as Miss Mayo unblushingly points out, Minister of Labor in Handsome Adolf's Cabinet; (7) Mussolini himself, whom they called "Il Capo, The Head—Il Duce, The Leader. And he led them, the youth of the nation, tested young fighters, marching shoulder to shoulder, straight down through the land, and purged it."

In this book Miss Mayo has brought back to an amazing degree all the fine hysterical flavor of propaganda that inundated us during the World War. Her prose trembles like a Roxy pipe organ under pale hands beside the Shalimar. She has successfully combined the literary, cultural and intellectual qualities of Arthur Guy Empey, George Creel and A. Mitchell Palmer. *"Soldiers, what next?"* Consciously or ignorantly, Miss Mayo answers her own question with a viciously emotional plea for Fascism and the "divine flame" of the approaching Imperialist War.

THOMAS BOYD.

Pepys in the Making

Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making, by Arthur Bryant. New York: The Macmillan Company. 450 pages. $3.

The Letters and Second Diary of Samuel Pepys, edited by R. G. Howarth. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 480 pages. $3.

IN HIS Diary, Pepys is perhaps fully revealed, but it is only in a book like Mr. Bryant's that he is properly interpreted. And at present there are no accounts of Pepys "in the making" comparable to that given by Mr. Bryant. The development of Pepys' character is followed in two notable directions: that of his important career as Clerk of the Acts in the Navy Office, in which role he becomes the keen, energetic and not too selfishly corrupt administrator; and the direction in which our interest nowadays is insatiable, that of sex. Since this, the first of Mr. Bryant's projected two volumes on Pepys' life, ends with the death of Mrs. Pepys in 1669, the marital difficulties of the diarist form a proper theme—and one susceptible of thrilling developments. Mr. Bryant has seen the full transcript of the Diary, and he gives details at present not accessible elsewhere. Pepys is shown as a puritanical Don Juan, a patient and calculating seducer, who has yet a proper shame both during and after the fact. Puritanical inhibitions restrain him usually to the limited activities of a Fondlewife. They also lead him (so Mr. Bryant thinks) to a curious, shamefaced recording of the full details of his amours in what he evidently hoped was the opposite of a *lingua franca.* "She would not suffer that je should poner my mano above ses jupes which je endeavoured," is a specimen.

Back and forth our attention slides from love to duty at the Navy Office, where Samuel is developing from "a mean clerk" to the one man in the office upon whom the king and the Parliament can rely. For Mr. Bryant, as for all Pepys scholars of our day, the diarist is to be lauded as the first to practise a modern efficiency in the administration of the British navy. Pepys may not have been a mere careerist, but in Bryant's pages he perhaps changes somewhat too imperceptibly from a "placeman" to a courageous and devoted public servant. The best sense of the word "careerist" still seems to describe Pepys' real love for his job—and for its perquisites.

The story of his development—thanks to a happy combination of scholarship with literary gifts, and to the wealth of the Diary as source—is told with fascinating vividness: the author writes as if he were *there,* looking over Pepys' shoulder; and very seldom does the self-conscious "literary" touch of imaginative embroidery offend. The volume has also a suspensive dramatic structure, rising to a dual climax in Pepys' triumph as defender of the Navy Office and in the death of his wife.

Mr. Howarth's very useful collection of Pepys' letters, including a reprint of the 1841 edition of the diary record of the destruction of Tangier (1683-84), was first printed in 1932. It has taken its place as one of the most con-

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venient sources of data concerning the life of Pepys after 1669. Apparently the 1841 text of the Tangier journal is not reliable, and it is to be hoped that the promised new edition of the great Diary may include an accurate text of the later one as well. GEORGE SHERBURN.

Books in Brief

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

REMINISCENCES OF AN AMERICAN SCHOLAR, by John W. Burgess. *New York: Columbia University Press. 438 pages. $3.50.*

At night on a battlefield in Tennessee, John W. Burgess, then a lad of seventeen, determined to devote himself "to teaching men how to live by reason and compromise instead of by bloodshed and destruction." His life indeed followed the path revealed to him that night. After being graduated from Amherst, he studied political history in Germany. Later, as professor of History and Political Science at Amherst, he continued his effort to substitute "reason for passion in determining the course of states." Dissatisfied with the narrowness of American colleges, he began a crusade for the creation of a real university, and was largely responsible for the founding of a graduate school at Columbia, where he trained the first research students in political science. But the World War made him feel that his boyhood vision of peace had been dispelled at one blow and "my life's work brought down in irretrievable ruin all about me." . . . The career of John W. Burgess is a fine story well told. Nicholas Murray Butler has contributed to the book a final chapter of tribute to the author's scholarship and personality.

THE PURSUIT OF DEATH, by Benjamin Kurtz. *New York: Oxford University Press. 399 pages. $3.50.*

Aside from John Churton Collins' brief but sound analysis of "Adonais" and George Edward Woodberry's annotations to the centenary edition of Shelley, the present study is the only authoritative attempt made to arrive at the meaning behind Shelley's poetry. Dr. Kurtz believes that it is more profitable to interpret Shelley's biography by his poetry than his poetry by his life. With this statement as his thesis, he proceeds to show how deeply Shelley's social ideas permeated his work and were reflected in his literary behavior. Starting with the introduction to "Queen Mab" and concluding with "Adonais," Dr. Kurtz follows a clear trail by illuminating the evolution of the poet's death images, showing how each change in meaning revealed the growth of Shelley's ideas. His chapters on "Alastor" and "The Cenci" contain enough evidence to prove his point, and, with this weight behind him, his interpretation of "Adonais" seems to carry with it the force of inevitable logic. For biographical detail he has drawn freely from Walter Peck's exhaustive work and from it has reconstructed a consistent literary personality, a task which even Peck for all his scholarship fell short of accomplishing. Surely Dr. Kurtz's earnest, if rather wordy, study leaves no further excuse for the contemporary reader to misunderstand Shelley's intentions. Again, his fusion of Godwinian economics and Platonic philosophy is fully revealed, and again we are reminded that Shelley's efforts were not ineffectual. H. G.

REMINISCENCES OF D. H. LAWRENCE, by John Middleton Murry. *New York: Henry Holt and Company. 279 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Murry's "Reminiscences" are a rehash of his life of D. H. Lawrence, "Son of Woman," and an attack upon Mrs. Carswell's "The Savage Pilgrimage." He argues badly and apparently with a guilty conscience, striking home only when he presents proof that he did not write an anonymous review against Lawrence in The Athenaeum, Mrs. Carswell to the contrary. Like "Son of Woman," this book is an interesting document, hysterical and written completely under the influence of the dead Lawrence: it reveals how bitterly, how futilely, Mr. Murry fights for the preservation of his own soul against a stronger personality.

H. G.

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Verse

UPSURGE, by Robert Gessner. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 41 pages. $1.*

By a forceful, unselfconscious use of colloquial idioms—probably the most poetic element of our speech—and by a flow of emotion that gives the poem a fine and powerful drive, Mr. Gessner has succeeded in producing one of the most interesting contemporary revolutionary poems. Its formlessness, however, and the middling quality of its rhetoric, take away from its value. If Mr. Gessner will evolve a clearer form and work out better metaphors, he will go far toward supplying the need for a mature proletarian poetry.

I. S.

Fiction

PILLAR OF SALT, by Peter Gray. *New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.*

This novel might have been written by a Greek or a Sicilian, so authentically does it catch the color and movement of a setting that is tense and dangerous one moment, warm and caressing the next. Actually the background of "Pillar of Salt" is modern Greece, but in no way does it suggest modernity. Spiro, its chief character, grows up to be an itinerant violinist, a moody and fiery young man who would be difficult to understand outside of his environment. Inside of it he kills and makes love without giving the impression of being either a murderer or a Don Juan. The story moves back and forth from the present to the past, the two finally merging when Spiro escapes from a prison, where he was obliged to become an executioner in order to escape the guillotine.

J. M.

Contributors

MARY HEATON VORSE, author, among other books, of "Growing Up," "Men and Steel" and "Strike," is now in Detroit studying the conflict in the automobile industry.

HAMILTON BASSO, author of two novels and of a biography of General Beauregard, is a native of New Orleans. His second novel, "Cinnamon Seed," was published last month by Scribner's.

OTIS C. FERGUSON contributes articles and reviews to various publications.

WITTER BYNNER is a poet and playwright, author, among other verse, of "The Beloved Stranger" and "A Canticle of Pan." With Dr. Kiang Kang-hu he translated "The Jade Mountain," a Chinese anthology. He lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

JAMES O'NEILL is a one-time tramp printer who has become—from choice he says—a professional hobo.

CONRAD AIKEN, poet, novelist and critic, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1929. "Among the Lost People," a book of short stories, is issued this week by Scribner's.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, author of "Three Soldiers," "Manhattan Transfer," "The 42nd Parallel" and "1919," is now in Key West, Florida. His new travel book, "In All Countries," will appear in April.

EDWIN BORCHARD has been professor of International Law at Yale University Law School since 1917. He served as expert at the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration at the Hague in 1910 and was Law Librarian of Congress and Assistant Solicitor for the Department of State until he went to Yale. He is the author, among other books, of "Diplomatic Protection of Citizens Abroad."

THOMAS BOYD is the author, among other books, of "Through the Wheat," "Samuel Drummond," "Simon Girty," and biographies of Anthony Wayne and Harry Lee. He served with the Sixth Marines, A. E. F., from September, 1917, until June, 1919, in France and Germany.

GEORGE SHERBURN is professor of English at the University of Chicago. A biography, "The Early Career of Alexander Pope," will be published this spring by The Clendon Press.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Horace Gregory, Isidor Schneider and Jerre Mangione.

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